THE WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Vol. XXI.

ROMANCES Vol. XII.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

THE
ANTIQUARY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF „WAVERLEY“ AND „GUY MANNERING.“

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As — book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

—— Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy: —
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

Old Play.

„Now only think what a man my brother is, Mr Blattergowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yerl into our house without speaking a single word to a body! — And there's the distress of thae Mucklebackits — we canna get a fin o' fish — and we hae nae time to send ower to Fairport for beef, and the mutton's but new killed — and that silly flisk-mahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has ta'en the exies, and done naething but laugh and greet, the skirl at the tail o' the guffá, for twa days successfully — and now we maun ask that strange

man, that's as grand and as grave as the Yerl himsel, to stand at the sideboard! And I canna gang into the kitchen to direct ony thing, for he's hovering there making some pousowdie for my lord, for he doesna eat like ither folk neither — And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner time — I am sure, Mr Blattergowl, a' thegither, it passes my judgment."

«Truly, Miss Griselda," replied the divine, «Monkbarns was inconsiderate. He should have ta'en a day to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's condescendence in the process of valuation and sale. — But the great man could not have come on a sudden to ony house in this parish where he could have been better served with *vivers* — that I must say — and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils — and if ye have ony household affairs to attend to, Miss Griselda, never make a stranger of me — I can amuse myself very weel with the larger copy of Erskine's Institutes."

And taking down from the window seat that amusing folio, (the Scottish Coke upon Littleton,) he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, «of Teinds, or Tythes," and was presently deeply wrapped up in an abstruse discussion concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenallan, for the first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board surrounded by strangers. He seemed to himself like a man in a dream, or one whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating poison. Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his sorrows as a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the tiresome apologetic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divine, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savoured much more of he camp than of the court, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasing. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less

surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided, (for, as Mr Blattergowl had justly said, it was impossible to surprise Miss Griselda when her larder was empty,) and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allurements of both. His servant placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselda, arranged with the most minute and scrupulous neatness. He eat sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain head, completed his repast. Such, his servant said, had been his Lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the high festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glenallan-house, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkbarns, no anchoret could make a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

«A few half-cold greens and potatoes — a glass of ice-cold water to wash them down — antiquity gives no warrant for it, my Lord. This house used to be accounted a *hospitium*, a place of retreat for Christians; but your Lordship's diet is that of a heathen Pythagorean, or Indian Bramin — nay, more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples."

«I am a Catholic, you are aware," said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, «and you know that our church" —

«Lays down many rules of mortification, but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised — Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girnell, or the jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this apple, my Lord."

And as he pared the fruit, in spite of his sister's «O fie, Monkbarns!" and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the fame of the abbot's apple with more slyness and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest (as may readily be conceived) missed fire, for this anecdote of conventual gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldbuck then took up the subject of Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb; but Lord Glenallan had never so much as heard

of any of the three, so little conversant had he been with modern literature. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the formidable word, «teind-free," when the subject of the French Revolution was started; a political event on which Lord Glenallan looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigotted Catholic and zealous aristocrat. Oldbuck was far from carrying his detestation of its principles so far.

«There were many men in the first constituent assembly," he said, «who held sound whiggish doctrines, and were for settling the constitution with a proper provision for the liberties of the people. And if a set of furious madmen were now in possession of the government, it was what often happened in great revolutions, where extreme measures are adopted in the fury of the moment, and the state resembles an agitated pendulum which swings from side to side for some time ere it can acquire its due and perpendicular station. Or it might be likened to a storm or hurricane, which, passing over a region, does great damage in its passage, yet sweeps away stagnant and unwholesome vapours, and repays, in future health and fertility, its immediate desolation and ravage."

The Earl shook his head; but, having neither spirit nor inclination for debate, he suffered the argument to pass uncontested.

This discussion served to introduce the young soldier's experiences; and he spoke of the actions in which he had been engaged with modesty, and, at the same time, with an air of spirit and zeal which delighted the Earl, who had been bred up, like others of his house, in the opinion, that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and believed that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

«What would I give," said he apart to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room, «what would I give to have a son of such spirit as that young gentleman! — He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him — but with what zeal and animation he expresses himself — how fond of his profession — how loud in the praise of others — how modest when speaking of himself!"

«Hector is much obliged to you, my Lord; I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the serjeant of his company, when he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he

be not quite the hero your Lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attend the kindness, than the vivacity of his character. I can assure you, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional vehemence, which attends him in every thing he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him to day engage in an animated contest with a *phoca*, or seal, (*sealgh*, our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural *gh*) with as much vehemence as if he had fought against Dumourier — Marry, my Lord, the *phoca* had the better, as the said Dumourier had of some other folks. And he'll talk with equal if not superior rapture of the good behaviour of a pointer bitch, as of the plan of a campaign."

«He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds," said the Earl, «if he is so fond of that exercise."

«You will bind him to you, my Lord, body and soul; give him leave to crack off his birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moorfowl, and he's yours for ever. I will enchant him by the intelligence. But O, my Lord, that you could have seen my phœnix Lovel! — the very prince and chieftain of the youth of this age; and not destitute of spirit neither — I promise you he gave my termagant kinsman

a *quid pro quo* — a Rowland for his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Charlemagne."

After coffee, Lord Glenallan requested a private interview with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

«I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," he said, «to involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for Glenallan-house has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortitude nor spirit to break from."

«Let me first ask your Lordship, what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

«I wish most especially to declare my unhappy marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Eveline; that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my mother."

«*Suum cuique tribuito*," said the Antiquary, «do right to every one. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it might be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother, than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly opposed the match. All — forgive me, my Lord — whoever heard

of the late Countess of Glenallan, will learn that without much surprise."

«But you forget one horrible circumstance, Mr Oldbuck."

«I am not aware of it."

«The fate of the infant — its disappearance with the confidential attendant of my mother, and the dreadful surmises which may be drawn from my conversation with Elspeth."

«If you would have my free opinion, my Lord, and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say, that it is very possible the child yet lives. For thus much I ascertained, by my former enquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the Craigburnfoot in a carriage and four by your brother Edward Geraldin Neville, whose journey towards England with these companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family compact to carry a child whom you meant to stigmatize with illegitimacy, out of that country, where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its rights. But I now think that your brother, having reason, like yourself, to believe the child stained with shame yet more indelible, had nevertheless withdrawn it, partly

from regard to the honour of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighbourhood of the Lady Glenallan."

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair. The alarmed Antiquary ran hither and thither looking for remedies; but his museum, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless matters, contained nothing that could be serviceable on that or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to borrow his sister's salts, he could not help giving a constitutional growl of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, first into an hospital for a wounded duellist, and now into the sick chamber of a dying nobleman. «And yet," said he, «I have always kept aloof from the soldiery and the peerage. My *cœnobitium* has only next to be made a lying-in hospital, and then, I trow, the transformation will be complete."

When he returned with the remedy, Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. «You think then, Mr Oldbuck, — for you are capable of thinking, which I am not, — you think, then, that it

is possible — that is, not impossible — my child may yet live?"

«I think," said the Antiquary, «it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonourable, — nor is it possible, that, if he had intended any foul play, he would have placed himself so forward in the charge of the infant, as I will prove to your Lordship he did."

So saying, Mr Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his ancestor, Aldobrand, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribband, and labelled, Examinations, etc. taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J. P. upon the 18th of February, 17—; a little under was written, in a small hand, *Eheu Evelina!* The tears dropped fast from the Earl's eyes, as he endeavoured, in vain, to unfasten the knot which secured these documents.

«Your Lordship," said Mr Oldbuck, «had better not read these at present — agitated, as you are, and having much business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to make enquiry among his servants and retainers, so as

to hear where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive."

«I dare hardly hope t, — why should my brother have been silent to me?"

«Nay, my Lord! why should he have communicated to your Lordship the existence of a being, whom you must have supposed the offspring of" —

«Most true — there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If any thing, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghostly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of misery existed."

«Then — although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive, because he was not destroyed in infancy, I own I think you should instantly set on foot enquiries."

«It shall be done," replied Lord Glenallan — «I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville — but, Mr Oldbuck, I am not my brother's heir."

«Indeed! — I am sorry for that, my Lord — it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's-Burg alone, which are

the most superb reliques of Anglo-Norman architecture in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

«He had not, Mr Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenallan; «but my brother adopted views in politics, and a form of religion, alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our tempers had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently observant to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to chuse a stranger for his heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence; for, if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it, if it throws any difficulty in the way of our enquiries — and I bethink me that it may; for, in case of my having a lawful son of my body, and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entailed upon my son. It is not, therefore, likely that this heir, be who he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice."

«And in all probability the steward your Lordship mentions is also in his service."

«It is most likely; and the man being a Protestant — how far it is safe to entrust him" —

«I should hope, my Lord, that a Protestant may be as trustworthy as a Catholic. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my Lord. My ancestor, Aldobrand Oldenbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as I can shew by the original edition now in this house."

«I have not the least doubt, Mr Oldbuck, nor do I speak out of bigotry or intolerance; but probably the Protestant steward will favour the Protestant heir rather than the Catholic — if, indeed, my son has been bred in his father's faith — or, alas! if indeed he yet lives."

«We must look close into this," said Oldbuck, «before committing ourselves; I have a literary friend at York, with whom I have long corresponded on the subject of the Saxon horn that is preserved in the Minster there; we interchanged letters for six years, and have only as yet been able to settle the first line of the inscription I will write forthwith to this gentleman, Dr Dryasdust, and be particular in my enquiries concerning the character, etc. of your brother's heir, and what else may be likely to further your Lordship's enquiries. In the meantime your Lordship will collect the evidence of the marriage, which I hope can still be recovered."

«Unquestionably — the witnesses who were formerly withdrawn from your research are still living. My tutor, who solemnized the marriage, was provided for by a living in France, and has lately returned to this country as an emigrant, a victim of his zeal for loyalty, legitimacy, and religion."

«That's one lucky consequence of the French Revolution, my Lord — you must allow that at least — but no offence, I will act as warmly in your affairs as if I were of your own faith in politics and religion. And take my advice — If you want an affair of consequence properly managed, put it into the hands of an antiquary; for, as they are eternally exercising their genius and research upon trifles, it is impossible they can be baffled in affairs of importance — use makes perfect; and the corps that is most frequently drilled upon the parade will be most prompt in its exercise upon the day of battle. — And, talking upon that subject, I would willingly read do your Lordship, in order to pass away the time betwixt and supper" —

«I beg I may not interfere with family arrangements," said Lord Glenallan, «but I never taste any thing after sun-set."

«Nor I neither, my Lord, notwithstanding it is said to have been the custom of the ancients

— but then I dine differently from your Lordship, and therefore am better enabled to dispense with those elaborate entertainments which my womankind (that is, my sister and niece, my Lord,) are apt to place on the table, for the display rather of their own housewifery than the accommodation of our wants. — However, a broiled bone, or a smoked haddock, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own curing, with a toast and a tankard — or something or other of that sort, to close the orifice of the stomach before going to bed, does not fall under my restriction, nor, I hope, under your lordship's."

«My no-supper is literal, Mr Oldbuck; but I will attend you at your meal with pleasure."

«Well, my Lord, I will endeavour to entertain your ears at least, since I cannot banquet your palate. What I am about to read to your Lordship relates to the upland glens."

Lord Glenallan, though he would rather have recurred to the subject of his own uncertainties, was compelled to make a sign of rueful civility and acquiescence.

The Antiquary, therefore, took out his portfolio of loose sheets, and, after premising that the topographical details here laid down were designed to illustrate a slight essay upon castrametation, which had been read with indul-

gence at several societies of Antiquaries, he commenced as follows: «The subject, my Lord, is the hill-fort of Quickens-bog, with the site of which your Lordship is doubtless familiar: It is upon your store-farm of Mantanner, in the barony of Clochnaben."

«I think I have heard the names of these places," said the Earl, in answer to the Antiquary's appeal.

«Heard the name? and the farm brings him six hundred a year — O Lord!"

Such was the scarce-subdued ejaculation of the Antiquary. But his hospitality got the better of his surprise, and he proceeded to read his essay with an audible voice, in great glee at having secured a patient, and, as he fondly hoped, an interested hearer.

«Quickens-bog may at first seem to derive its name from the plant *Quicken*, by which, *Scotticé*, we understand couch grass, dog-grass, or the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus, and the common English monosyllable *Bog*, by which we mean, in popular language, a marsh or morass; in Latin, *Palus*. But it may confound the rash adopters of the more obvious etymological derivations, to learn, that the couch-grass or dog-grass, or, to speak scientifically, the *triticum repens* of Linnæus, does not grow within a quarter of a mile of this castrum or hill fort, whose

ramparts are uniformly clothed with short verdant turf; and that we must seek a bog or *palus* at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of Gird-the-mear, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, *bog*, is obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the Saxon *Burgh*, which we find in the various transmutations of *Burgh*, *Burrow*, *Brough*, *Bruff*, *Buff*, and *Boff*, which last approaches very near the sound in question — since, supposing the word to have been originally *borgh*, which is the genuine Saxon spelling, a slight change, such as modern organs too often make upon ancient sounds, will produce first *Bogh*, and then, *elisa H*, or, compromising and sinking the guttural, agreeable to the common practice, you have either *Boff* or *Bog* as it happens. The word *Quickens* requires in like manner to be altered, — decomposed as it were, — and reduced to its original and genuine sound ere we can discern its real meaning. By the ordinary exchange of the *Qu* into *Wh*, familiar to the rudest *tyro* who has opened a book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either Whilkens, or Whichens-borgh — put, we may suppose, by way of question, as if those who imposed the name, struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, had expressed in it an interrogation, «To whom did this fortress belong?" — Or, it might be *Whackens-*

burgh, from the Saxon *Whacken*, to strike with the hand, as doubtless the skirmishes near a place of such apparent consequence must have legitimated such a derivation," etc. etc. etc.

I will be more merciful to my readers than Oldbuck was to his guest; for, considering his opportunities of gaining patient attention from a person of such consequence as Lord Glenallan were not many, he used, or rather abused, the present to the uttermost.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together: —
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

SHAKSPEARE.

In the morning of the following day, the Antiquary, who was something of a sluggard, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxon.

«What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid safe by his pil-

low — «What's the matter now, Caxon? — it can't be eight o'clock yet."

«Na, sir, — but my Lord's man sought me out, for he fancies me your honour's valley-de-sham, — and sae I am, there's nae doubt o't, baith your honour's and the minister's — at least ye hae nae other that I ken o' — and I gie a help to Sir Arthur too, but that's mair in the way o' my profession.'

«Well, well — never mind that — happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as you call it — but why disturb my morning's rest?"

«Ou, sir, the great man's been up since peep o' day, and he's steered the town to get awa' an express to fetch his carriage, and it will be here briefly, and he wad like to see your honour afore he gaes awa'."

«Gadso! these great men use one's house and their time as if it were their own property. Well, it's once and away — Has Jenny come to her senses yet, Caxon?"

«Troth, sir, but just middling — she's been in a swither about the jocolate this morning, and was like to hae toom'd it a' out into the slap bason, and drank it hersel in her ecstacies — but she's won ower wi't, wi' the help o' Miss M'Intyre."

«Then all my womankind are on foot and scrambling, and I must be in my quiet bed

no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house — Lend me my gown. — And what are the news at Fairport?"

«Ou, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my Lord — that hasna been ower the door-stane, they threep to me, for this twenty years — this grand news of his coming to visit your honour!"

«Aha!" said Monkbarns, «and what do they say of that, Caxon?"

« 'Deed, sir, they hae various opinions. Thae fallows that are the democraws, as they ca' them, that are again the king and the law and dressing o' gentlemen's hair — a wheen blackguards — they say he's come doun to speak wi' your honour about bringing doun his hill-lads and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People — and when I said your honour never meddled wi' the like o' sic things where there was like to be straiks and bloodshed, they said, if ye dinna, your nevoy did, and that he was weel ken'd to be a kingsman that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Earl was to bring out the men and the siller."

«Come, I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but counsel."

«Na, na, naebody thinks your honour wad either fight yoursel, or gie ony feck o' siller to ony side o' the question."

«Umph! — Well, that's the opinion of the democraws, as you call them — What say the rest of Fairport?"

«In troth," said the candid reporter, «I canna say it's muckle better. Captain Coquet, of the volunteers, — that's him that's to be the new collector, — and some o' the other gentlemen of the Blue and a' Blue Club, are just saying it's no right to let papists, that hae sae mony French friends as the Yerl of Glenallan, gang through the country, and — but your honour will maybe be angry."

«Not I, Caxon, — fire away as if you were Captain Coquet's whole platoon, — I can stand it."

«Weel, then, they say, sir, that as ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and wadna petition in favour of the new tax, and as ye were again' bringing in the yeomanry at the meal mob, but just for settling the folk wi' the constables — they say ye're no a gude friend to government; and that thae sort o' meetings between sic a powerful man as the Yerl, and sic a wise man as you, — odd, they think they suld be lookit after, and some say ye should baith be shankit aff till Edinburgh castle."

«On my word," said the Antiquary, «I am infinitely obliged to my neighbours for their good opinion of me! And so, I, that have never interfered with their bickerings, but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to commit high treason, either against King or People? — Give me my coat, Caxon, — give me my coat — It's lucky I live not in their report. — Have you heard any thing of Taffril and his vessel?"

Caxon's countenance fell. — «Na, sir, and the winds hae been high, and this is a fearfu' coast to cruise on in thae easterly gales, — the headlands rin sae far out, that a veshell's embayed afore I could sharp a razor; and then there's nae harbour or city of refuge on our coast, a' craigs and breakers. A veshell that rins ashore wi' us flees asunder like the powther when I shake the pluff — and it's as ill to gather ony o't again. — I aye tell my daughter thae things when she grows wearied for a letter frae Lieutenant Taffril — It's aye an apology for him — Ye suldna blame him, says I, hinnie, for ye little ken what may hae happened."

«Aye, aye, Caxon, thou art as good a comforter as a valet-de-chamber. — Give me a white stock, man, — d'ye think I can go down with

a handkerchief about my neck when I have company?"

«Dear sir, the Captain says a threenookit kankercher is the maist fashionable overlay, and that stocks belang to your honour an me, that are auld-warld folk. — I beg pardon for mentioning us twa thegither, but it was what he said."

«The Captain's a puppy, and you are a goose, Caxon."

«It's very like it may be sae, — I am sure your honour kens best."

Before breakfast, Lord Glenallan, who appeared in better spirits than he had evinced in the former evening, went particularly through the various circumstances of evidence which the exertions of Oldbuck had formerly collected; and pointing out the means which he possessed of completing the proof of his marriage, expressed his resolution instantly to go through the painful task of collecting and restoring the evidence concerning the birth of Eveline Neville, which Elspeth had stated to be in his mother's possession.

«And yet, Mr Oldbuck," he said, «I feel like a man who receives important tidings ere he is yet fully awake, and doubt whether they refer to actual life, or are not rather a continuation of his dream. — This woman, — this

Elspeth, — she is in the extremity of age, and approaching in many respects to dotage. — Have I not, — it is a hideous question, — have I not been hasty in the admission of her present evidence, against that which she formerly gave me to a very — very different purpose?"

Mr Oldbuck paused a moment, and then answered, with firmness — «No, my Lord, I cannot think you have any reason to suspect the truth of what she has told you last, from no apparent impulse but the urgency of conscience. Her confession was voluntary, disinterested, distinct, consistent with itself, and with all the other known circumstances of the case. I would lose no time, however, in examining and arranging the other documents to which she has referred, and I also think her own statement should be taken down, if possible, in a formal manner. We thought of setting about this together. But it will be a relief to your Lordship, and moreover, have a more impartial appearance, were I to attempt the investigation alone, in the capacity of a magistrate. I will do this, at least I will attempt it, so soon as I shall see her in a favourable state of mind to undergo an examination."

Lord Glenallan wrung his hands in token of grateful acquiescence. «I cannot express to

you," he said, «Mr Oldbuck, how much your countenance and co-operation in this dark and most melancholy business gives me relief and confidence. I cannot enough applaud myself for yielding to the sudden impulse which impelled me, as it were, to drag you into my confidence, and which arose from the experience I had formerly of your firmness, in discharge of your duty as a magistrate, and as a friend to the memory of the unfortunate. Whatever the issue of these matters may prove, — and I would fain hope there is a dawn breaking on the fortunes of my house, though I shall not live to enjoy its light, — but whatsoever be the issue, you have laid my family and me under the most lasting obligation."

«My Lord," answered the Antiquary, «I must necessarily have the greatest respect for your Lordship's family, which I am well aware is one of the most ancient in Scotland, being certainly derived from Aymer de Geraldin, who sat in parliament at Perth, in the reign of Alexander II., and who, by the less vouched, yet plausible tradition of the country, is said to have been descended from the Marmor of Clochnaben. — But, with all my veneration for your ancient descent, I must acknowledge that I find myself still more bound to give your Lordship what assistance is in my limited power,

from sincere sympathy with your sorrows, and detestation at the frauds which have so long been practised upon you. — But, my Lord, the matin meal is, I see, now prepared — Permit me to shew your Lordship the way through the intricacies of my *cœnobitium*, which is rather a combination of cells, justled oddly together, and piled one upon the top of the other, than a regular house. — I trust you will make yourself some amends for the spare diet of yesterday."

But this was no part of Lord Glenallan's system, having saluted the company with the grave and melancholy politeness which distinguished his manners, his servant placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fair water, being the fare upon which he usually broke his fast. While the morning's meal of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was dispatched in a much more substantial manner, the noise of wheels was heard.

«Your Lordship's carriage, I believe," said Oldbuck, stepping to the window. «On my word, a handsome *Quadriga!* for such, according to the best *scholium*, was the *vox signata* of the Romans of a chariot which, like that of your Lordship, was drawn by four horses."

«And I will venture to say," cried Hector,

eagerly gazing from the window, «that four handsomer or better-matched bays never were put in harness. — What fine forehands! what capital chargers they would make! — Might I ask if they are of your Lordship's own breeding?"

«I — I — rather believe so," said Lord Glenallan; «but I have been so negligent of my domestic matters, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert," (looking at the domestic.)

«They are of your Lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, «got by Mad Tom out of Jemima and Yarico, your Lordship's brood mares."

«Are there more of the set?" said Lord Glenallan.

«Two, my Lord, — one rising four, the other five off this grass, both very handsome."

«Then let Dawkins bring them down to Monkbarns to-morrow — I hope Captain M'Intyre will accept them, if they are at all fit for service."

Captain M'Intyre's eyes sparkled, and he was profuse in grateful acknowledgements; while Oldbuck, on the other hand, seizing the Earl's sleeve, endeavoured to intercept a present which boded no good to his corn-chest and hay-loft.

«My Lord — my Lord — much obliged — much obliged — But Hector is a pedestrian,

and never mounts on horseback in battle — he is a highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of their being car-borne — and that, my Lord, is what is running in Hector's head — it is the vehicular, not the equestrian exercise which he envies —

«Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum Collegisse juvat." —

«His noddle is running on a curricle, which he has neither money to buy, nor skill to drive if he had it — and I assure your Lordship, that the possession of two such quadrupeds would prove a greater scrape than any of his duels, whether with human foe or with my friend the *phoca*."

«You must command us all at present, Mr Oldbuck," said the Earl politely, «but I trust you will not ultimately prevent my gratifying my young friend in some way that may afford him pleasure?"

«Any thing useful, my Lord, but no *curriculum* — I protest he might as rationally propose to keep a *quadriga* at once — And now I think of it, what is that old post-chaise

from Fairport come jingling here for? — I did not send for it."

«*I* did, sir," said Hector rather sulkily for he was not much gratified by his uncle's interference to prevent the Earl's intended generosity, nor particularly inclined to relish either the disparagement which he cast upon his skill as a charioteer, or the mortifying allusion to his bad success in the adventures of the duel and the seal.

«*You* did, sir?" echoed the Antiquary, in answer to his concise information, «And pray, what may be your business with a post-chaise? — Is this splendid equipage — this *biga*, as I may call it — to serve for an introduction to a *quadriga* or a *curriculum*?"

«Really, sir, if it be necessary to give you such a specific explanation, I am going to Fairport on a little business."

«Will you permit me to enquire into the nature of that business, Hector? — I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the serjeant, — an honest gentleman, who is so good as to make Monkbarns his home since his arrival among us — I should, I say, suppose that he may transact any business of yours, without your spending a day's pay on two dog-horses, and such a combination of rotten wood, cracked

glass, and leather — such a skeleton of a post-chaise, as that before the door"

«It is not regimental business, sir, that calls me; and, since you insist upon knowing, I must inform you, Caxon has brought word this morning that old Ochiltree, the beggar, is to be brought up for examination to-day, previous to his being committed for trial; and I am going to see that the poor old fellow gets fair play — that's all."

«Aye? — I heard something of this, but could not think it serious. And pray, Captain Hector, who are so ready to be every man's second on all occasions of strife, civil or military, by land, by water, or on the sea-beach, what is your especial concern with old Edie Ochiltree?"

«He was a soldier in my father's company, sir; and besides, when I was about to do a very foolish thing one day, he interfered to prevent me, and gave me almost as much good advice, sir, as you could have done yourself."

«And with the same good effect, I dare be sworn for it — Eh, Hector, — Come confess it was thrown away."

«Indeed it was, sir, — but I see no reason that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

«Bravo, Hector! that's the most sensible thing

I ever heard you say — but always tell me your plans without reserve — why, I will go with you myself, man — I am sure the old fellow is not guilty, and I will assist him in such a scrape much more effectually than you can do. Besides, it will save thee half-a-guinea, my lad, a consideration which I heartily pray you to have more frequently before your eyes."

Lord Glenallan's politeness had induced him to turn away and talk with the ladies, when the dispute between the uncle and nephew appeared to grow rather too animated to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the placable tone of the Antiquary expressed amity. Having received a brief account of the mendicant, and of the accusation brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the malice of Dousterswivel, Lord Glenallan asked, whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly? — He was answered in the affirmative.

«Had he not," continued his Lordship, «a coarse blue coat, or gown, with a badge? — Was he not a tall, striking-looking old man, with grey beard and hair, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of

ease and independence, which formed a strong contrast to his profession?"

«All this is an exact picture of the man," returned Oldbuck.

«Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, «although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement, when he is extricated from his present situation."

«I fear, my Lord," said Oldbuck, «he would have difficulty in reconciling his vagrant habits to the acceptance of your bounty, at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large he considers as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is so far a true philosopher, as to be a contemner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; when weary he sleeps; and with such indifference with respect to the means and appliances about which we make a fuss, that, I suppose, he was never ill dined or ill lodged in his life. Then he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the district through which he travels — their genealogist, their newsman,

their master of the revels, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine — I promise you he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenallan having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for sport, which was joyously accepted.

«I can only add," he said, «that if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glenallan house is at all times open to you — On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartment, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr Gladsmoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserve of Glenallan-house, and over the well-protected moors of Clochnaben, made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Griselda Oldbuck looked

forward with glee to the potting of whole bags of moor-fowl and black game, of which Mr Blattergowl was a professed admirer. Thus, — which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family where he has studied to appear obliging — all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired bays. But the panegyric was cut short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Fairport hack, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a canter, creaked, jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the smoothness with which Lord Glenallan's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Yes! I love Justice — as well as you do —
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall
excuse me,
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb; —
The bread I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.

Old Play.

By dint of charity from the town's-people, in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Ochiltree had passed a day or two's confinement without much impatience, regretting his want of freedom the less, as the weather proved to be broken and rainy.

«The prison," he said, «was na sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd. Ye had aye a good roof ower your head to fend aff the weather,

and, if the windows were na glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk enow to crack wi', and he had bread eneugh to eat, and what need he fash himsel about the rest o't?"

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to abate, when the suu-beams shone fair on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserable linnet, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

«Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, «for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the bonny burnsides and green shaws that I should hae been dandering beside in weather like this. — But hae, there's some crumbs t'ye an ye are sae merry; and troth ye hae some reason to sing an ye kent it, for your cage comes by nae faut o' your ain, and I may thank mysel that I am closed up in this weary place."

Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them so stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice.

The people, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepid guards, exclaimed to each other, «Eh! see sic a grey-haired man as that is, to have committed a highway robbery, wi' ae fit in the grave!" — And the children congratulated the officers, objects of their alternate dread and sport, Puggie Orrock and Jock Ormston, on having a prisoner as auld as themselves.

Thus marshalled forward, Edie was presented (by no means for the first time) before the worshipful Baillie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall portly magistrate, on whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, a good deal inflated with the sense of his own power and importance, otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

«Bring him in, bring him in!" he exclaimed; «upon my word these are awful and unnatural times — the very beadsmen and retainers of his majesty are the first to break his laws — Here has been an old blue-gown committing robbery! I suppose the next will reward the royal charity, which supplies him with his garb, pension, and begging licence, by engaging in

high treason, or sedition at least — But bring him in."

Edie made his obedience, and then stood, as usual, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him. To the first general questions, which respected only his name and calling, the mendicant answered with readiness and accuracy; but when the magistrate, having caused his clerk to take down these particulars, began to enquire whereabout the mendicant was on the night when Dousterswivel met with his misfortune, Edie demurred to the motion. «Can ye tell me now, Baillie, you that understands the law, what gude will it do me to answer ony o' your questions?"

«Good? no good certainly, my friend, except that giving a true account of yourself, if you are innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty."

«But it seems mair reasonable to me, now, that you, Baillie, or ony body that has ony thing to say against me, should prove my guilt, and no to be bidding me prove my innocence."

«I don't sit here," answered the magistrate, «to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, if you chuse to answer my question, whether

you were at Ringan Aikwood the forester's, upon the day I have specified?"

«Really, sir, I dinna feel mysel' called on to remember."

«Or whether, in the course of that day or night, you saw Steven, or Steenie, Mucklebackit? — you knew him, I suppose?"

«O brawlie did I ken Steenie, puir fallow — but I canna condeshend an ony particular time I have seen him lately."

«Were you at the ruins of St Ruth any time in that evening?"

«Baillie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, «if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll cut a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye, I am no minded to answer ony o' thae questions — I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

«Write down," said the magistrate, «that he declines to answer all interrogatories, in respect that by telling the truth he might be brought to trouble."

«Na, na," said Ochiltree, «I'll no hae that set doun as ony part o' my answer — but I just meant to say, that in a' my memory and practice, I never saw ony gude come o' answering idle questions."

«Write down, that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long practice, and having sustained injury by answering questions put to him on such occasions, the declarant refuses" —

«Na, na, Baillie," reiterated Edie, «ye are no to come in on me that gate neither."

«Dictate the answer yourself then, friend," said the magistrate, «and the clerk will take it down from your own mouth."

«Aye, aye," said Edie, «that's what I ca' fair play; I'se do that without loss o' time. — Sae, neighbour, ye may just write doun, that Edie Ochiltree, the declarant, stands up for the liberty — na, maunna say that neither — I am nae liberty-boy — I hae fought again them in the riots in Dublin — besides, I hae ate the king's bread mony a day. — Stay, let me see — Aye — write that Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-gown, stands up for the prerogative — (see that ye spell that word right — it's a lang ane) — for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and winna answer a single word that sall be asked at him this day, unless he sees a reason for't. — Pit down that, young man."

«Then, Edie, since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law."

«Aweel, sir, if it's Heaven's will and man's will, nae doubt I maun submit. I hae nae great objection to the prison, only that a body canna win out o't; and if it wad please you as weel, Baillie, I wad gie you my word to appear afore the Lords at the circuit, or in ony other court ye like, on ony day ye are pleased to appoint."

«I rather think, my good friend, your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. — If you could give me sufficient security, indeed" —

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain M'Intyre entered the apartment. — «Good morning to you, gentlemen," said the magistrate; «you find me toiling in my usual vocation — looking after the iniquities of the people — labouring for the *respublica*, Mr Oldbuck — serving the King our master, Captain M'Intyre, — for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword?"

«It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless," answered the Antiquary; «but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Baillie, specially as you have them ready in the ware-house."

«Very good, Monkbarns — excellent; but I do not take the sword up as a justice, but as a soldier — Indeed I should rather say the musquet and bayonet — there they stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for the drill yet — A slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra — I can keep my feet, however, while our serjeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M'Intyre, if he follows the regulations correctly — he brings us but awkwardly to the *present.*" And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

«I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Baillie," replied Mr Oldbuck; «and I dare say Hector will gratify you by communicating his opinion on your progress iu this new calling. Why you rival the Hecaté of the ancients, my good sir — a merchant on the Mart, a magistrate in the Town-house, a soldier on the Links — *quid non pro patria?* But my business is with the justice; so let commerce and war go slumber."

«Well, my good sir," said the Bailie, «and what commands have you for me?"

«Why here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your myrmidons have mewed up in jail, on account of an alleged assault on that fellow Douster-

swivel, of whose accusation I do not believe one word."

The magistrate here assumed a very grave countenance. «You ought to have been informed that he is accused of robbery, as well as assault; a very serious matter indeed — it is not often such criminals come under my cognizance."

«And," replied Oldbuck, «you are tenacious of the opportunity of making the very most of such as occur. But is this poor old man's case really so very bad?"

«It is rather out of rule," said the Baillie; «but as you are in the commission, Monkbarns, I have no hesitation to shew you Dousterswivel's declaration, and the rest of the precognition." And he put the papers into the Antiquary's hands, who assumed his spectacles, and sate down in a corner to peruse them.

The officers in the mean time had directions to remove their prisoner into another apartment; but before they could do so, M'Intyre took an opportunity to greet old Edie, and to slip a guinea into his hand.

«Lord bless your honour," said the old man; «it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wi' an auld ane. I'se no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for if they steek me up here, my friends are like eneugh to forget me

— out o' sight out o' mind is a true proverb — And it wadna be creditable for me, that am the King's beadsman, and entitled to beg by word of mouth, to be fishing for bawbees out at the jail window wi' the fit o' a stocking and a string." As he made this observation he was conducted out of the apartment.

Mr Dousterswivel's declaration contained an exaggerated account of the violence he had sustained, and also of his loss.

«But what I should have liked to have asked him," said Monkbarns, «would have been his purpose in frequenting the ruins of St Ruth, so lonely a place at such an hour, and with such a companion as Edie Ochiltree. There is no road lies that way, and I do not conceive a mere passion for the picturesque would carry the German thither in such a night of storm and wind. Depend upon it he has been about some roguery, and, in all probability, hath been caught in a trap of his own setting — *Nec lex justitior ulla.*" —

The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not pressing Dousterswivel, as his declaration was voluntarily emitted. But for the support of the main charge, he shewed the declaration of the Aikwoods concerning the state in which Dousterswivel was found, and esta-

blishing the important fact, that the mendicant had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertaker, who had that night been employed in attending the funeral of Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations, that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St Ruth as the funeral came, and who, it was supposed, might have been pillaging some of the ornaments prepared for the ceremony, they had lost and regained sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable for riding, but had at length fairly lodged them both in Mucklebackit's cottage. And one of the men added, that «he, the declarant, having dismounted from his horse, and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-gown and young Steenie Mucklebackit with others eating and drinking in the inside, and also observed the said Steenie Mucklebackit shew a pocket-book to the others; and declarant has no doubt that Ochiltree and Steenie Mucklebackit were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned." And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, declares «he had no warrant so to do; and that as Mucklebackit and his family were understood to be

rough-handed folk, he, the declarant, had no desire to meddle or make with their affairs. *Causa scientiæ patet.* All which he declares to be truth," etc.

«What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend?' said the magistrate, when he had observed the Antiquary had turned the last leaf.

«Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own, I should say it looked, *prima facie*, a little ugly; but I cannot allow any body to be in the wrong for beating Dousterswivel — Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your warlike genius, Baillie, I should have done it myself long ago — He is *nebulo nebulonum*, an impudent, fraudulent, mendacious quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery, and my neighbour, Sir Arthur, God knows how much — And besides, Baillie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to government."

«Indeed?" said Baillie Littlejohn, «if I thought that, it would alter the question considerably."

«Right; for, in beating him, the beadsman must have shewn his gratitude to the king by thumping his enemy; and in robbing him, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose this

interview in the ruins of St Ruth had relation to politics, — and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth, was a bribe from the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a seditious club?"

My dear sir, you hit my very thoughts! How fortunate should I be if I could become the humble means of sifting such a matter to the bottom! — Don't you think we had better call out the volunteers, and put them on duty?"

«Not just yet, while podagra deprives them of an essential member of their body. — But will you let me examine Ochiltree?"

«Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has hanged many an honester man than he is."

«Well, but, Baillie," continued Oldbuck, «you have no objection to let me try him?"

«None in the world, Monkbarns, — I hear the serjeant below, — I'll rehearse the manual in the meanwhile — Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below — it makes less noise there when we ground arms." — And so exit the martial magistrate, with his maid behind him bearing his weapons.

«A good squire that wench for a gouty champion," observed Oldbuck. — «Hector, my lad,

hook on, hook on — Go with him, boy — keep him employed, man, for half an hour or so — butter him with some warlike terms — praise his dress and address."

Captain M Intyre, who, like many of his profession, looked down with infinite scorn on those citizen soldiers, who had assumed arms without any professional title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, observing, that he should not know what to say to Mr Littlejohn; and that to see an old gouty shopkeeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

«It may be so, Hector," said the Antiquary, who seldom agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down, — «it may possibly be so in this and some other instances; but at present the country resembles the suitors in a small debt-court, who plead in person, for lack of cash to retain the professed heroes of the quill. I am sure in the one case we never regret the want of the acuteness and eloquence of the lawyers; and so, I hope, in the other, we may manage to make shift with our hearts and muskets, though we shall lack some of the discipline of your martinets.

«I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole world should fight if they please, if

they will but allow me to be quiet," said Hector, rising with dogged reluctance.

«Yes, you are a very quiet personage indeed; whose ardour for quarrelling cannot pass so much as a poor phoca sleeping upon the beach!"

But Hector, who saw which way the conversation was tending, and hated all allusions to the foil he had sustained from the fish, made his escape before the Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Well, well, at worst 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath born a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty —

Old Play.

The Antiquary, in order to avail himself of the permission given him to question the accused party, chose rather to go to the apartment in which Ochiltree was detained, than to make the examination appear formal, by bringing him again into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and as he gazed on that prospect, large tears found their way, as if unconsciously, to his eye, and from thence trickled down his cheeks and white beard. His features were, nevertheless, calm and composed,

and his whole posture and mien indicated patience and resignation. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, and roused him out of his musing, by saying kindly, «I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter."

The mendicant started, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his gown, and, endeavouring to recover his usual tone of indifference and jocularity, answered, but with a voice more tremulous than usual, «I might weel hae judged, Monkbarns, it was you, or the like o' you, was coming in to disturb me — for it's ae great advantage o' prisons and courts o' justice, that ye may greet your een out an ye like, and nane o' the folk that's concerned about them will ever ask ye what it's for."

«Well, Edie," replied Oldbuck, «I hope your present cause of distress is not so bad but it may be removed."

«And I had hoped, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant in a tone of reproach, «that ye had ken'd me better than to think that this bit trifling trouble o' my ain wad bring tears into my auld een, that hae seen far different kind o' distress — Na, na! — But here's been the puir lass, Caxon's daughter, seeking comfort and has gotten unco little — there's been nae speerings o' Taffril's gun-brig since the last

gale; and folk report on the key that a king's ship had struck on the Reef of Rattray, and a' hands lost — God forbid! for as sure as you live, Monkbarns, the puir lad Lovel, that ye liked sae weel, must have perished."

«God forbid indeed!" echoed the Antiquary, — «I would rather Monkbarns house were on fire. My poor dear friend and coadjutor! — I will down to the quay instantly."

«I'm sure ye'll learn naething mair than I hae tauld ye, sir," said Ochiltree, «for the officer-folk here were very civil, (that is, for the like o' them,) and lookit up a' their letters and authorities, and could throw nae light on't either ae way or another."

«It can't be true — it shall not be true," said the Antiquary, «and I won't believe it if it were — Taffril's an excellent seaman — and Lovel (my poor Lovel!) has all the qualities of a safe and pleasant companion by land or by sea — one, Edie, whom, from the ingenuousness of his disposition, I would chuse, did I ever go a sea voyage, (which I never do, unless across the ferry,) *fragilem mecum solvere phaselum*, to be the companion of my risk, as one against whom the elements could nourish no vengeance. No, Edie, it is not, and cannot be true — it is a fiction of the idle jade Rumour, whom I wish hanged with her trumpet

about her neck, that serves only with its screech-owl tones to fright honest folks out of their senses — Let me know how you got into this scrape of your own."

«Are ye axing me as a magistrate, Monkbarns, or is it just for your ain satisfaction?"

«For my own satisfaction solely," replied the Antiquary.

«Put up your pocket-book and your keelyvine pen then, for I downa speak out an' ye hae writing materials in your hands — they're a scaur to unlearned folk like me — Odd, ane o' the clerks in the neist room will clink down, in black and white, as muckle as wad hang a man, before ane kens what he's saying."

Monkbarns complied with the old man's humour, and put up his memorandum-book.

Edie then went with great frankness through the part of the story already known to the reader, informing the Antiquary of the scene which he had witnessed between Dousterswivel and his patron in the ruins of St Ruth, and frankly confessing that he could not resist the opportunity of decoying the Adept once more to visit the tomb of Misticot, with the purpose of taking a comic revenge upon him for his quackery. He had easily persuaded Steenie, who was a bold thoughtless young fellow, to engage in the frolic along with him, and the jest had been

inadvertently carried a great deal farther than was designed. Concerning the pocket-book, he explained that he had expressed his surprise and sorrow as soon as he found it had been inadvertently brought off; and that publicly, before all the inmates of the cottage, Steenie had undertaken to return it the next day, and had only been prevented by his untimely fate.

The Antiquary pondered a moment, and then said, «Your account seems very probable, Edie, and I believe it from what I know of the parties — but I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me, about this matter of the treasure-trove — I suspect you have acted the part of the Lar Familiaris in Plautus — a sort of Brownie, Edie, to speak to your comprehension, who watched over hidden treasures. — I do bethink me you were the first person we met when Sir Arthur made his successful attack upon Misticot's grave, and also that when the labourers began to flag, you, Edie, were again the first to leap into the trench, and to make the discovery of the treasure. Now you must explain all this to me, unless you would have me use you as ill as Euclio does Staphyla in the *Aulalaria*."

«Lordsake, sir, what do I ken about your Howlowlaria? — it's mair like a dog's language than a man's."

«You knew, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued Oldbuck.

«Dear sir, what likelihood is there o' that? d'ye think sae puir an auld creature as me wad hae ken'd o' sic a like thing without getting some gude out o't? — and ye wot weel I sought nane and gat nane, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I hae wi't?"

«That's just what I want you to explain to me," said Oldbuck, «for I am positive you knew it was there."

«Your honour is a positive man, Monkbarns — and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're aften in the right."

«You allow, then, that my belief is well-founded?"

Edie nodded acquiescence.

«Then please to explain to me the whole affair from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

«If it were a secret o' mine, Monkbarns," replied the beggar, «ye suldna ask twice, for I hae aye said ahint your back, that, for a' the nonsense-maggots that ye whiles tak into your head, ye are the maist wise and discreet o' a' our country gentles. But I'se e'en be open-hearted wi' you, and tell you, that this is a friend's secret, and that they suld draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me asunder, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would

speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but muckle gude, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hundred o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where ither folks' siller is, if we dinna pit hand till't oursel."

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavouring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious, but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner.

«This story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second Oedipus to solve it — who Oedipus was, I will tell you some other time if you remind me — However, whether it be owing to the wisdom or to the maggots with which you compliment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth; the rather, that you have not made any of these obtestations of the superior powers, which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks." (Here Edie could not suppress a smile.) «If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavour to procure your liberation."

«If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edie,

with the caution of a canny Scotchman, «I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

«It is simply," said the Antiquary, «Did Dousterswivel know any thing about the concealment of the chest of bullion?"

«He, the ill-fa'ard loon!" answered Edie, «there wad hae been little speerings o't had Dustansnivel ken'd it was there — it wad hae been butter in the black dog's hause."

«I thought as much," said Oldbuck. «Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day, and appear to clear me of the bail bond, for these are not times for prudent men to incur forfeitures, unless you can point out another *Aulam auri plenam quadrilibrem* — another *Search No. I.*

«Ah!" said the beggar, shaking his head, «I doubt the bird's flown that laid thae golden eggs — for I winna ca' her goose, though that's the gait it stands in the story-buick — But I'll keep my day, Monkbarns, ye'se no lose a penny by me — And troth I wad fain be out again, now the weather's fine, and then I hae the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends."

«Well, Edie, as the bouncing and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Baillie Littlejohn has dismissed his military preceptor, and is retired from the labours of Mars to those of Themis — I will have some con-

versation with him — But I cannot and will not believe any of these wretched news you were telling me."

«God send your honour may be right," said the mendicant, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate exhausted with the fatigues of the drill, reposing in his gouty chair, humming the air, «How merrily we live that soldiers be," and between each bar comforting himself with a spoonful of mock-turtle soup. He ordered a similar refreshment for Oldbuck, who declined it, observing, that not being a military man, he did not feel inclined to break his habit of keeping regular hours for meals — «Soldiers like you, Baillie, must snatch their food as they find means and time. But I am sorry to hear ill news of young Taffril's brig."

«Ah, poor fellow! — he was a credit to the town — much distinguished on the first of June."

«But," said Oldbuck, «I am shocked to hear you talk of him in the preterite tense."

«Troth, I fear there may be too much reason for it, Monkbarns; and yet let us hope the best. The accident is said to have happened in the Rattray reef of rocks, about twenty miles to the norward, near Dirtenalan Bay — I have sent to enquire about it — and your nephew

run out himself as if he had been flying to get the Gazette of a victory."

Here Hector entered, exclaiming as he came in, «I believe it's all a damned lie — I can't find the least authority for it, but general rumour."

«And, pray, Mr Hector," said his uncle, «if it had been true, whose fault would it have been that Lovel was on board?"

«Not mine, I am sure," answered Hector; «it would have been only my misfortune."

«Indeed!" said his uncle, «I should not have thought of that."

«Why sir, with all your inclination to find me in the wrong, I suppose you will own my intention was not to blame in this case. I did my best to hit Lovel, and, if I had been successful, 'tis clear my scrape would have been his, and his scrape would have been mine."

«And whom or what do you intend to hit now, that you are lugging with you that leathern magazine there, marked gunpowder?"

„I must be prepared for Lord Glenallan's moors on the twelfth, sir," said M'Intyre.

„Ah, Hector! thy great *chasse*, as the French call it, would take place best —

„Omne cum Proteus pecus agitaret
Visere montes" —

„Could you meet but with a *phoca* instead of an unwarlike heath bird."

„The devil take the seal, sir, or *phoca*, if you chuse to call it so — it's rather hard one can never hear the end of a little piece of folly like that."

„Well, well," said Oldbuck, „I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of it. — As I detest the whole race of Nimrods, I wish them all as well-matched — Nay, never start off at a jest, man — I have done with the *phoca* — though, I dare say, the Baillie could tell us the value of sealskins just now."

„They are up," said the magistrate, „they are well up — the fishing has been unsuccessful lately."

„We can bear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hank this incident had given him over the young sportsman; „one word more, Hector, and

„We'll hang a seal-skin on thy recreant limbs!"

Aha, my boy! — come, never mind it, I must go to business — Baillie, a word with you — you must take bail — moderate bail — you understand — for old Ochiltree's appearance."

«You don't consider what you ask," said the Baillie, «the offence is assault and robbery."

«Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary, «I gave you a hint before — I will possess you more fully hereafter — I promise you there is a secret."

«But, Mr Oldbuck, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am" —

«Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose, — «you shall have the full credit; the entire management whenever matters are ripe. But this is an obstinate old fellow, who will not hear of two people being as yet let into his mystery, and he has not yet fully acquainted me with the clew to Dousterswivel's devices."

«Aha! so we must tip that fellow the alien act, I suppose?"

«To say truth, I wish you would."

«Say no more," said the magistrate, «it shall forthwith be done; he shall be removed *tanquam suspect* — I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkbarns."

«It is classical, Baillie — you improve."

«Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much, that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership. — I have

had two several correspondencies with the Under Secretary of State; one on the proposed tax on Riga hempseed, and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate with me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

«I will instantly, when I am master of it — I hate the trouble of managing such matters myself — Remember, however, I did not say decidedly a plot against the state; I only say, I hope to discover by this man's means a foul plot."

«If it be a plot at all, there must be treason in it, or sedition at least — Will you bail him for four hundred merks?"

«Four hundred merks for an old Bluegown! — Think on the act of 1701 regulating bail-bonds! — Strike off a cypher from the sum — I am content to bail him for forty merks."

«Well, Mr Oldbuck, every body in Fairport is always willing to oblige you — and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty as four hundred merks. So I will accept your bail — *meo periculo* — what say you to that law phrase again? — I had it from a learned counsel. — I will vouch it, my Lord, he said, *meo periculo.*"

«And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree, *meo periculo*, in like manner," said Oldkuck. «So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond, and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he was once more at liberty, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkbarns-house; to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As You Like it.

„I wish to Heaven, Hector," said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, «you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that arquebuss of yours."

«Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you; but it's a capital piece; it's a Joe Manton, that cost forty guineas."

«A fool and his money is soon parted, nephew; I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

«Every one has their fancy, uncle, — you are fond of books."

«Aye, Hector, and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the gun-smith,

the horse-market, the dog-breaker, — *Coemptos undique nobiles libros — mutare loricis Iberis.*"

«I could not use your books, my dear uncle, that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands — but don't let the faults of my head fall on my heart — I would not part with a Cordery that belonged to an old friend, to get a set of horses like Lord Glenallan's."

«I don't think you would, lad, I don't think you would — I love to teaze you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subjugation — You will pass your time happily here having me to command you, instead of Captain, or Colonel, or 'Knight in Arms,' as Milton has it; and instead of the French, the *Gens humida ponty* — for as Virgil says,

«*Sternent se somno diversæ in littore phocæ,*"

which might be rendered,

«Here phocæ slumber on the beach,
Within our Highland Hector's reach."

«Nay, if you grow angry I have done. — Besides, I see old Edie in the court-yard, with

whom I have business. Good-bye, Hector — Do you remember how she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, *et se jactu dedit æquor in altum?*"

M'Intyre, — waiting, however, till the door was shut, — gave then way to the natural impatience of his temper,

«My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed *phoca*, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return, before he entered the parlour.

«Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance? — has Juno done any more mischief?"

«No, uncle; but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal — I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish — it's very silly of him to be sure; but then you can turn every body so well into ridicule" —

«Well, my dear, I will rein in my satire, and, if possible, speak no more of the *phoca* — I will not even speak of sealing a letter, but

say *umph*, and give a nod to you when I want the wax-light — I am not *monitoribus asper*, but, Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, niece, and nephew, guide just as best pleases them."

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr Oldbuck entered the parlour, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Mussel-crag. «I have some questions to ask at a woman at Mucklebackit's cottage," he observed, «and I would willingly have a sensible witness with me — so, for fault of a better, Hector, I must be contented with you."

«There is old Edie, sir, or Caxon — could not they do better than me?"

«Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness — No, sir, I intend the old Blue-gown shall go with me — not as a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Baillie Littlejohn says, (blessings on his learning!) *tanquam suspectus*, and you are *suspicione major*, as our law has it."

«I wish I were a major, sir," said Hector, catching only the last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence, — «but, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the step."

«Well, well, most doughty son of Priam," said the Antiquary, «be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen — Come away with me, and you shall see what may be useful to you should you ever sit upon a court-martial, sir."

«I have been on many a regimental court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. — «But here's a new cane for you."

«Much obliged, much obliged."

«I bought it from our drum-major, who came into our regiment from the Bengal army when it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you."

«Upon my word, 'tis a fine rattan, and well replaces that which the *ph* — Bah! what was I going to say?"

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel-crag, — the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation, and some hope for future favours, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning

round. Petrie, in his Essay on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description. Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along, full of his learning, like a lordly man of war, and every now and then yawing to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

«And so it is your opinion," said he to the mendicant, «that this windfall — this *arca auri*, as Plautus has it, will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities?"

«Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, «and that I am sair doubtful of — I heard Puggie Orrock, and the tother thief of a sheriff-officer, or messenger, speaking about it — and things are ill aff when the like o' them can speak crousely about ony gentleman's affairs. I doubt Sir Arthur will be in stane wa's for debt, unless there's swift help and certain."

«You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary. — «Nephew, it is a remarkable thing, that in this happy country no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

«Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre, «I never knew

that before — that part of our law would suit some of our mess well."

«And if they are na confined for debt," said Ochiltree, «what is't that tempts sae mony puir creatures to bide in the tolbooth o' Fairport yonder? — they a' say they were put there by their creditors — Odd! they maun like it better than I do if they're there o' free will."

«A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your betters would make the same, but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. — Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another — Ahem! — (Hector compelled himself to give attention at this hint.) — And you, Edie, it may be useful to you, *rerum cognoscere causas.* The nature and origin of warrant for caption is a thing *haud alienum a Scævolæ studiis.* You must know then once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt."

«I hae na muckle concern wi' that, Monkbarns," said the old man, «for naebody wad trust a bodle to a gaberlunzie."

«I pr'ythee peace, man — As a compulsitor, therefore, of payment, — that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from

the experience I have had with my own, — we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interesting himself as a monarch, should, in the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more strict enjoinment and more hard compulsion — What do you see at that bird, Hector? — it's but a seamaw."

«It's a pictarnie, sir," said Edie.

«Well, what an' if it were — what does that signify at present? — But I see you're impatient; so I will waive the letters of four forms, and come to the modern process of diligence. — You suppose, now, a man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor, and to send the debtor his royal command to do him justice within a certain time — fifteen days, or six, as the case may be. Well, the man resists and disobeys — what follows? Why, that he be lawfully and rightfully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose command he has disobeyed, and by there blasts of a horn at the market-place of Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. And he is then legally imprisoned, and on account of any civil

debt, but because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate. What say you to that, Hector? — there's something you never knew before."

«No, uncle; but, I own, if I wanted money to pay my debts, I would rather thank the king to send me some, than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I could not do."

«Your education has not led you to consider these things," replied his uncle; «you are incapable of estimating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the manner in which it reconciles that duress, which, for the protection of commerce, it has been found necessary to extend towards refractory debtors, with the most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the subject."

«I don't know, sir; but if a man must pay his debt or go to jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor or a rebel, I should think. But you say this command of the king's gives a license of so many days — now, egad, were I in the scrape, I would beat a march and leave the king and the creditor to settle it among themselves before they came to extremities."

«So wad I," said Edie, «I wad gie them leg-bail to a certainty."

«True; but those whom the law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal visit, she

proceeds with by means of a shorter and more unceremonious call, as dealing with persons on whom patience and favour would be utterly thrown away."

«Aye," said Ochiltree, «that will be what they ca' the fugie warrants — I hae some skeel in them. — There's Border-warrants too in the south country, unco rash uncanny things — I was ta'en up on ane at Saint James's Fair, and keepit in the auld kirk at Kelso the haill day and night; and a cauld goustie place it was, I'se assure ye. — But whatna wife's this wi' her creel on her back? — It's puir Maggie hersel, I'm thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss, if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by the inevitable necessity of attending to the means of supporting her family, and her salutation to Oldbuck was made in an odd mixture, between the usual language of solicitation with which she plied her customers, and the tone of lamentation for her recent calamity.

«How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbarns? — I havena had the grace yet to come down to thank your honour for the grace ye did poor Steenie, wi' laying his head in a rath grave, puir follow." — Here she whimpered and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron. — «But the fishing comes on no that ill, though

the gudeman hasna had the heart to gang to sea himsel — Atweel I wad fain tell him it wad do him gude to pit hand to wark — but I'm maist feared to speak to him — and it's an unco thing to hear ane o' us speak that gate o' a man — however, I hae some dainty caller haddies, and they sall be but three shillings the dozen, for I hae nae pith to drive a bargain e'enow, and maun just tak what ony Christian body will gie, wi' few words and nae flyting."

«What shall we do, Hector?" said Oldbuck, pausing; «I got into disgrace with my womankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime animals, Hector, unlucky to our family."

„Pooh, sir, what would you do? — give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Monkbarns."

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her hand. „Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young and ower free o' your siller — ye should never tak a fishwife's first bode; and troth I think maybe a flyte wi' the auld housekeeper at Monkbarns, or Miss Grizzel, wad do me some gude — And I want to see what that hellicate quean Jenny Rintherout's doing — folk said she wasna weel — She'll be vexing hersel about Steenie, the silly tawpie,

as if he wad ever hae lookit ower his shouther at the like o' her! — Well, Monkbarns, they're braw caller haddies, and they'll bid me unco little indeed at the house if ye want crappit heads the day."

And so on she paced with her burthen, grief, gratitude for the sympathy of her betters, and the habitual love of traffic and of gain, chasing each other through her thoughts.

„And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Ochiltree, „I wad fain ken, Monkbarns, what has gar'd you plague yoursel wi' me a' this length? I tell ye sincerely I hae nae pleasure in ganging in there. I downa bide to think how the young hae fa'en on a' sides o' me, and left me an useless auld stump wi' hardly a green leaf on't"

„This old woman," said Oldbuck, „sent you on a message to the Earl of Glenallan, did she not?"

„Aye!" said the surprised mendicant, „how ken ye that sae weel?"

„Lord Glenallan told me himself; so there is no delation — no breach of trust on your part — and as he wishes me to take her evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between dotage and consciousness, it is possible that your voice and

appearance may awaken trains of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of exciting. — The human mind — what are you about, Hector?

„I was only whistling for the dog, sir; she always roves too wide — I knew I should be troublesome to you."

„Not at all, not at all — the human mind is to be treated like a skein of ravelled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

„I ken naething about that," said the gaberlunzie; „but an' my auld acquaintance be hersel, or ony thing like hersel, she may come to wind us a pirn. It's fearsome baith to see and hear her when she wampishes about her arms, and gets to her English, and speaks as if she were a prent book, — let a' be an auld fisher's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was muckle ta'en out afore she married an unco bit beneath hersel. She's aulder than me by half a scorce years — but I mind weel aneugh they made as muckle wark about her making a halfmerk marriage wi' Simon Mucklebackit, this Saunders's father, as if she had been ane o' the gentry. But she got into favour again, and then she lost it again, as I hae heard her son say, when he was a muckle

chield; and then they got muckle siller, and left the Countess's land and settled here. But things never throve wi' them. Howsomever, she's a weel-educate woman, and an' she win to her English, as I hae heard her do at an orra time, she may come to fickle us a'."

CHAPTER XL.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley. —
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chaunting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative: —

«The herring loves the merry moon-light,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind."

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children — «O aye, hinnie, whisht, whisht! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that —

«Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

«The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw. —

I dinna mind the neist verse weel — my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts come ower me — God keep us frae temptation!"

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

«It's a historical ballad," said Oldbuck eagerly, — «a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! — Percy would admire its simplicity — Ritson could not impugn its authenticity."

«Aye, but it's a sad thing," said Ochiltree, «to see human nature sae far owerta'en as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like her's."

«Hush, hush!" said the Antiquary, — «she has gotten the thread of the story again." — And as he spoke, she sung,

«They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back." —

«Chafron!" exclaimed the Antiquary, — «equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron* — the word's worth a dollar," — and down it went in his red book.

„They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

„Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

„The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see:
„'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

„'What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

„'To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond'rous peril,
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?'"

„Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forbear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en; for he blamed himsel for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus."

Her voice rose and became more animated, as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor;

„'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spear should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

„'If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

„'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'"

„Do you hear that, nephew?" said Oldbuck; „you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors."

„I hear," said Hector, „a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash; I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the highlands could be affected by such doggrel." — And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, „Come in, sirs, come in — goodwill never halted at the doorstane."

They entered, and found, to their surprise, Elspeth, alone, sitting «ghastly on the hearth!" like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl, * «wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim-eyed, discoloured, torpid."

«They're a' out," she said, as they entered; «but, an' ye will sit a blink, somebody will be in. If ye hae business wi' my gude-daughter, or my son, they'll be in belive, — I never speak on business mysel. — Bairns, gie them seats — the bairns are a' gane out, I trow," — looking around her — «I was crooning to keep them quiet a wee while since; but they hae cruppin out some gate — Sit down, sirs, they'll be in belive;" and she dismissed her spindle from her hand to twirl upon the floor, and soon seemed exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, as unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business there.

«I wish," said Oldbuck, «she would resume that canticle, or legendary fragment — I always suspected there was a skirmish of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw."

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* See Mrs Grant on the Highland Superstitions, vol. II. p. 260, for this fine translation from the Gaelic.

„If your honour pleases," said Edie, „had ye not better proceed to the business that brought us a' here? I'se engage to get ye the sang ony time."

„I believe you are right, Edie — *Do manus* — I submit. But how shall we manage? She sits there, the very image of dotage — speak to her, Edie — try if you can make her recollect having sent you to Glenallanhouse."

Edie rose accordingly, and, crossing the floor, placed himself in the same position which he had occupied during his former conversation with her. „I'm fain to see ye looking sae weel, cummer, the mair, that the black ox has tramped on ye since I was aneath your roof-tree."

„Aye," said Elspeth; but rather from a general idea of misfortune, than any exact recollection of what had happened, — „there has been distress amang us of late — I wonder how younger folk bide it — I bide it ill — I canna hear the wind whistle, and the sea roar, but I think I see the coble whomled keel up, and some o' them struggling in the waves! — Eh, sirs, sic weary dreams as folk hae between sleeping and waking before they win to the lang sleep and the sound! — I could amaist think whiles, my son, or else Steenie, my oe, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. Isna that a queer dream for a daft auld carline?

what for should ony o' them dee before me? — It's out o' the course o' nature, ye ken."

„I think you'll make very little of this stupid old woman," said Hector; who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay — „I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wasting our time to sit here and listen to her dotage."

„Hector," said the Antiquary indignantly, „if you do not respect her misfortunes, respect at least her old age and grey hairs, — this is the last stage of existence so finely treated by the Latin poet:

——— Omni
„Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultus agnoscit amici,
Cum quos preterita cœnavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit" —

„That's Latin," said Elspeth, rousing herself as if she attended to the lines which the Antiquary recited with great pomp of diction, — „That's Latin," and she cast a wild glance around her — „Has there a priest fund me out at last?"

„You see, nephew, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage."

„I hope you think, sir, that I knew it to be Latin as well as she did?"

„Why, as to that — but stay, she is about to speak."

„I will have no priest — none," said the beldame with impotent vehemence, — „as I have lived I will die — none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though it were to save my soul."

„That bespoke a foul conscience," said the mendicant; „I wuss she wad mak a clean breast an' it were but for her ain sake," and he again assailed her.

„Weel, gudewife, I did your errand to the Yerl."

„To what Earl? I ken nae Earl — I ken'd a Countess ance — I wish to heaven I had never ken'd her! for by that acquaintance, neighhour, there cam," — and she counted her withered fingers as she spoke — „first, pride, then malice, then revenge, then false witness; and murther tirl'd at the door pin if he cam na ben — And were na thae pleasant guests, think ye, to take up their quarters in ae woman's heart? I trow there was routh o' company."

„But, cummer, it wasna the Countess of Glenallan I meant, but her son, him that was Lord Geraldin."

„I mind it now," she said; „I saw him no that lang syne, and we had a heavy speech thegither. — Eh, sirs, the comely young lord is turned as auld and frail as I am — it's muckle that sorrow and heart-break, and crossing of true love, will do wi' young blood — But suldna his mither hae lookit to that hersel? — We were but to do her bidding, ye ken — I am sure there's naebody can blame me — he was na my son, and she was my mistress — Ye ken how the rhyme says — I hae maist forgotten how to sing, or else the tune's left my auld head:

„He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither."

„Then he was but of the half blude, ye ken, and her's was the right Glenallan after a'. Na, na, I maun never mane doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin. Never will I mane for that."

Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

„I hae heard," said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldbuck had told him of

the family history, „I hae heard, cummer, that some ill tongue suld hae come between the Earl, that's Lord Geraldin, and his young bride."

„Ill tongue?" she said, in hasty alarm, „and what had she to fear frae an ill tongue?" — she was gude and fair aneugh — at least a' body said sae — But had she keepit her ain tongue aff ither folk, she might hae been living like a leddy, for a' that's come and gane yet."

„But I hae heard say, gudewife, there was a clatter in the country, that her husband and her were ower sib when they married."

„Wha durst speak o' that?" said the old woman hastily; „Wha durst say they were married? — Wha ken'd o' that? — not the Countess — not I — if they wedded in secret they were severed in secret — They drank of the fountains of their ain deceit."

„No! wretched beldame," exclaimed Oldbuck, who could keep silence no longer, „they drank the poison that you and your wicked mistress prepared for them."

„Ha, ha!" she replied, «I aye thought it would come to this — it's but sitting silent when they examine me — there's nae torture in our days — and if there is, let them rend me! — It's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats."

„Speak to her, Edie," said the Antiquary, „she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily."

„We shall mak naething mair out o' her," said Ochiltree. „When she has clinket hersel down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'se try her ance mair to satisfy your honour. — So ye canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin, has been removed?"

„Removed!" she exclaimed; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her, „then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle — tell them to let Lord Geraldin ken we're on before them — bring my hood and scarf — ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my hair in this fashion?"

She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and, the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner, — „Call Miss Neville — What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville — not Lady Ge-

raldin — there's no Lady Geraldin — tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale. — Bairn! what should she do wi' a bairn? — maidens hae nane, I trow. — Teresa — Teresa — my Lady calls us! — Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight — We are coming, my Lady!" With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, „It's a' ower — she has passed away even wi' that last word."

„Impossible," said Oldbuck, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips, and all that remained before them, were the mortal reliques of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the distresses of age and poverty.

„God grant she be gane to a better place," said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; „but, oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen mony a ane die, baith in the field o' battle and a fair strae death at hame; but I wad rather see them a' ower again, as sic a fearfu' flitting as her's."

„We must call in the neighbours," said Oldbuck, when he had somewhat recovered his

horror and astonishment, „and give warning of this additional calamity — I wish she could have been brought to a confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that metrical fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

They left the hut accordingly, and gave the alarm in the hamlet, whose matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who might be considered as the mother of their settlement. Oldbuck promised his assistance for the funeral.

„Your honour," said Ailison Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, „suld send doun something to us for keeping up our hearts at the lyke wake, for a' Saunders's gin, puir man, was drucken out at the burial o' Steenie, and we'll no get mony to sit dry-lippit aside the corpse. Elspeth was unco clever in her young days, as I can mind right weel, but there was aye a word o' her no being that chancy — Ane suldna speak ill o' the dead — mair by token, o' ane's cummer and neighbour — but there was queer things said about a leddy and a bairn or she left the Craigburnfoot. And sae, in gude troth, it will be a puir like-wake, unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking."

„You shall have some whisky," answered Oldbuck, „the rather that you have preserved

the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead. — You observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic, from the Gothic *Leichnam*, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called *Late-wake*, though Brand favours that modern corruption and derivation."

„I believe," said Hector to himself, „my uncle would give away Monkbarns to any one who would come to ask it in genuine Saxon! Not a drop of whisky would the old creatures have got, had their president asked it for the use of the *Late-wake*."

While Oldbuck was giving some further directions, and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sand, and stopped his horse when he saw the Antiquary. „There had something," he said, „very particular happened at the castle," (he could not, or would not, explain what,) „and Miss Wardour had sent him off express to Monkbarns, to beg Mr Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay."

„I am afraid," said the Antiquary, „his course also is drawing to a close — What can I do?"

„Do, sir?" exclaimed Hector with his characteristic impatience, — „get on the horse, and turn his head homeward — you will be at Knockwinnock castle in ten minutes."

„He is quite a free goer," said the servant, dismounting to adjust the girths and stirrups, — „he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

„I should be soon a dead weight *off* him, my friend," said the Antiquary. — „What the devil, nephew, are you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of my life, that I should get on the back of such a Bucephalus as that? — No, no, my friend, if I am to be at Knockwinnock to day, it must be by walking quietly forward on my own feet, which I will do with as little delay as possible. Captain M'Intyre may ride that animal himself, if he pleases."

„I have little hope I could be of any use, uncle, but I cannot think of their distress without wishing to shew sympathy at least — so I will ride on before, and announce to them that you are coming. — I'll trouble you for your spurs, my friend."

„You will scarce need them, sir," said the man, taking them off at the same time, and buckling them upon Captain M'Intyre's heels, „he's very frank to the road."

Oldbuck stood astonished at this last act of temerity. „Are you mad, Hector?" he said; „or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar, *Nobilis equus umbra quidem*

virgæ regitur; ignavus ne calcari quidem excitari potest, which plainly shews that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most."

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion either of Quintus Curtius, or of the Antiquary, upon such a topic, only answered with a heedless «Never fear, never fear, sir."

«With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel-head; and starting so,
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question." —

«There they go, well matched," said Oldbuck, looking after them as they started, — «a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unruly creatures in Christendom; and all to get half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him. For I doubt Sir Arthur's griefs are beyond the cure of our light horseman. It must be the villainy of Dousterswivel, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing, that, with some natures, Tacitus's maxim holdeth good: «*Beneficia eo usque læta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur* — from

which a wise man might take a caution, not to oblige any man beyond the degree in which he may expect to be requited, lest he should make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude."

Murmuring to himself such scraps of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary paced the sands towards Knockwinnock; but it is necessary we should outstrip him, for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER XLI.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretch'd, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream,
— For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.

The Loves of the Sea-weeds.

FROM the time that Sir Arthur Wardour had become possessor of the treasure found in Misticot's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resembling ecstacy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become seriously apprehensive for his intellects; for, as he had no doubt that he had the secret of possessing himself of wealth to an unbounded extent, his language and carriage were those of

a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone. He talked of buying contiguous estates, that would have led him from one side of the island to the other, as if he were determined to brook no neighbour, save the sea. He corresponded with an architect of eminence, upon a plan of renovating the castle of his forefathers, in a style of extended magnificence that might have rivalled that of Windsor, and laying out the grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of liveried menials were already, in fancy, marshalled in his halls, and — for what may not unbounded wealth authorize its possessor to aspire to? — the coronet of a marquis, perhaps of a duke, was glittering before his imagination. — His daughter — to what matches might she not look forward? — Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. — His son was already a general — and he himself whatever ambition could dream of in its wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavoured to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the vein of ancient Pistol:

A fico for the world, and wordlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys!

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Wardour, when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the addresses of Lovel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr Oldbuck, upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination heated with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Dousterswivel was sent for to the castle — and was closeted with her father — his mishap condoled with his part taken, and his loss compensated. — All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened, by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretexts, as much as was posssible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire without taking the trouble to open them. Miss Wardour could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which seemed to be known to her father by a sort of intuition, came from pressing creditors. In the

meanwhile, the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure, dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds, which had threatened Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the Adept, some wasted upon extravagancies which seemed to the poor knight fully authorized by his fullblown hopes, — and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such claimants, who, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagon, that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced but too plainly, that it was all expended within two or three days after its discovery, and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Arthur, naturally impatient, now taxed Dousterswivel anew with breach of these promises, through which he had hoped to turn all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now served; and as he had grace enough to wish to avoid witnessing the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him, with assurances that he would return to Knockwinnock the next morning, with such

information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his distresses.

«For, since I have consulted in such matters, I ave never," said Mr Herman Dousterswivel, «approach so near de *arcanum*, what you call de great mystery, — de Panchresta — de Polychresta — I do know as much of it as Pelaso de Taranta, or Basilius — and either I will bring you in two and tree days de No. II. of Mr Mishdegoat, or you shall call me one knave myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all."

The Adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good the latter part of the proposition, and never again appearing before his injured patron. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anxious state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosopher, with the hard words Panchresta, Basilius, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired for the evening into his library, in the fearful state of one who, hanging over a precipice and without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he rests gradually parting from the rest of the crag, and about to give way with him.

The visions of hope decayed, and there in-

creased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation, with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and possessed of opulence, — the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children, — foresaw the hour approaching which shonld deprive him of all the splendour which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth in to the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forebodings, his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and fretful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Wardour extremely. We have seen, on a former occasion, that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been hitherto, in general, good-humoured and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded no such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Dousterswivel's departure, the servant, as usual, laid on the breakfast table the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humour of her father,

who had wrought himself into a violent passion because the toast was over-browned.

«I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject, — «my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I *am* the scoundrels' master I will be so, and permit no neglect — no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

«I am ready to leave your honour's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, «as soon as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. «What money have you got, Miss Wardour?" he said, in a tone of affected calmness, but which concealed violent agitation.

Miss Wardour gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank-notes which it contained, but could not reckon them. After twice miscounting the sum, he threw the whole to his daughter, and saying in a stern voice, «Pay the rascal, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

The mistress and servant stood alike astonished at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

«I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrang, I wadna hae made ony answer when Sir Arthur challenged me — I hae been lang in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wad like ill ye should think I wad start for a hasty word — I am sure it was very wrang o' me to speak about wages to his honour, when maybe he has something to vex him. I had nae thoughts o' leaving the family in this way."

«Go down stairs, Robert," said his mistress — «something has happened to fret my father — go down stairs, and let Alick answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. «What's the meaning of this?" he said hastily, as he observed the notes lying still on the table — «Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?"

«He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir, — I thought there was not such instant haste."

«There *is* haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her; — «What I do henceforth in the house of my forefathers, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sate down, and took up with a trembling hand the bason of tea prepared for him, protracted the swallowing of it, as if to delay the necessity of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and spring upon him.

«You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged, «you will be happy to hear, sir, that Lieutenant Taffril's gun-brig has got safe into Leith Roads — I observe there had been apprehensions for his safety — I am glad we did not hear them till they were contradicted."

«And what is Taffril and his gun-brig to me?"

«Sir!" said Miss Wardour in astonishment; for Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a fidgetty sort of interest in all the gossip of the day and country.

«I say," he repeated, in a higher and still more impatient key, «what do I care who is saved or lost? — it's nothing to me, I suppose?"

«I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr Taffril is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear" —

«O, I am happy — as happy as possible — and, to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter. «It does not signify which I open first — they are all to the same tune."

He broke the seal hastily, run the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter — «Aye; I could not have lighted more happily! — this places the cope-stone."

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. «Read it. Read it aloud!" said her father; «it cannot be read too often; it will serve to break you in for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faultering voice, «Dear Sir."

«He *dears* me too, you see — this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who, a twelvemonth since, was not fit company for my second table — I suppose I shall be dear Knight with him by and by."

«Dear Sir," — resumed Miss Wardour; but, interrupting herself, «I see the contents are unpleasant, sir — it will only vex you my reading them aloud"

«If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on — I presume, if it were unnecessary, I should not ask you to take the trouble."

«Having been of late taken into copartnery," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, «by Mr Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent and man of business, Girnigo Greenhorn, Esq. writer to the signet, whose business I conducted as parliament-house clerk for many years, which business will in future be carried on under the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson, (which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your future letters,) and having had of late favours of your's, directed to my aforesaid partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton races, have the honour to reply to your said favours."

«You see my friend is methodical, and commences by explaining the causes which have procured me so modest and elegant a correspondent — Go on — I can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is perhaps the most fearful expression of mental misery. Trembling to proceed, and yet afraid to disobey, Miss Wardour continued to read: «I am, for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking out for the sums you mention, or applying for a suspension in the case of Goldiebird's bond, which would be more inconsistent, as we have been employed to act as the said Goldiebird's procurators and

attornies, in which capacity we have taken out a charge of horning against you, as you must be aware by the schedule left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence onefourth of a penny sterling, which, with annual rent and expences effeiring, we presume will be settled, during the currency of the charge, to prevent further trouble. Same time, I am under the necessity to observe our own account, amounting to seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement would be agreeable; but as we hold your rights, title-deeds, and documents in hypothec, shall have no objection to give reasonable time — say till the next money term — I am, for myself and partner, concerned to add, that Mr Goldiebird's instructions to us are, to proceed *peremptorie* and *sine mora*, of which I have the pleasure to advise you to prevent future mistakes, reserving to ourselves otherwise to *agé* as accords. I am, for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humble servant, Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and Grinderson."

„Ungrateful villain!" said Miss Wardour.

„Why, no; it's in the usual rule, I suppose; the blow could not have been perfect if dealt by another hand — it's all just as it should

be," answered the poor Baronet, his affected composure sorely belied by his quivering lip and rolling eye — „But here's a postscript I did not notice — come, finish the epistle."

„I have to add, (not for self but partner) that Mr Greenhorn will accommodate you by taking your service of plate, or the bay horses, if sound in wind and limb, at a fair appreciation, in part payment of your accompt."

„G — d confound him," said Sir Arthur, losing all command of himself at this condescending proposal; „his grandfather shod my father's horses, and this descendant of a scoundrelly blacksmith proposes to swindle me out of mine! But I will write him a proper answer."

And he sat down and began to write with great vehemence, then stopped and read aloud, „Mr Gilbert Greenhorn, in answer to two letters of a late date, I received a letter from a person calling himself Grinderson, and designing himself as your partner. When I address any one, I do not usually expect to be answered by deputy — I think I have been useful to your father, and friendly and civil to yourself, and therefore am now surprised — And yet," said he, stopping short, «why should I be surprised at that or any thing else — or why should I take up my time in writing to such a scoundrel — I sha'n't be always kept in prison,

I suppose, and to break that puppy's bones when I get out shall be my first employment.."

«In prison, sir?" said Miss Wardour faintly.

«Aye, in prison, to be sure. Do you make any question about that? — Why, Mr what's his name's fine letter for self and partner seems to be thrown away on you, or else you have got four thousand so many hundred pounds with the due porportion of shillings, pence, and halfpence, to pay that aforesaid demand, as he calls it."

«I, sir? — O if I had the means! — But where's my brother? — Why does he not come, and so long in Scotland? He might do something to assist us."

«Who, Reginald? — I suppose he's gone with Mr Gilbert Greenhorn, or some such respectable person, to the Lamberton races — I have expected him this week past — but I cannot wonder that my children should neglect me as well as every other person. But I should beg your pardon, my love, who never either neglected or offended me in your life."

And kissing her cheek as she threw her arms round his neck, he experienced that consolation which a parent feels even in the most distressed state, in the assurance that he possesses the affection of a child.

Miss Wardour took the advantage of this re-

vulsion of feeling to endeavour to sooth her father's mind to composure. She reminded him that he had many friends.

«I *had* many once," said Sir Arthur; «but of some I have exhausted their kindness with my frantic projects — others are unable to assist me — others are unwilling — it is all over with me — I only hope Reginald will take example by my folly."

«Should I not send to Monkbarns, sir?" said his daughter.

«To what purpose? He cannot lend me such a sum, and would not if he could, for he knows I am otherwise drowned in debt; and he would only give me scraps of misanthropy and quaint ends of Latin."

«But he is shrewd and sensible, and was bred to business, and, I am sure, always loved this family."

«Yes; I believe he did — it is a fine pass we are come to, when the affection of an Old-buck is of consequence to a Wardour! — But when matters come to extremity, as I suppose they presently will — it may be as well to send for him. — And now go take your walk, my dear — my mind is more composed than when I had this cursed disclosure to make. — You know the worst, and may daily or hourly

expect it. Go take your walk — I would willingly be alone for a little while."

When Miss Wardour left the apartment, her first occupation was to avail herself of the half permission granted by her father, by dispatching to Monkbarns the messenger, who, as we have already seen, met the Antiquary and his nephew on the sea beach.

Little recking, and indeed scarce knowing, where she was wandering, chance directed her into the walk beneath the briary bank as it was called. A brook, which, in former days, had supplied the castle-moat with water, here descended through a narrow dell, up which Miss Wardour's taste had directed a natural path, which was rendered clean and easy, without the air of being formally made and preserved. It suited well the character of the little glen, which was overhung with thickets and underwood, chiefly of larch and hazel, intermixed with the usual varieties of the thorn and briar. In this walk had passed that scene of explanation between Miss Wardour and Lovel which was overheard by old Edie Ochiltree. With a heart softened by the distress which approached her family, Miss Wardour now recalled every word and argument which Lovel had urged in support of his suit, and could not help confessing to herself, it was no small subject of

pride to have inspired a young man of his talents with a passion so strong and disinterested. That he should have left the pursuit of a profession in which he was said to be rapidly rising, to bury himself in a disagreeable place like Fairport, and brood over an unrequited passion, might be ridiculed by others as romantic, but was naturally forgiven as an excess of affection by the person who was the object of his attachment. Had he possessed an independence, however moderate, or ascertained a clear and undisputed claim to the rank in society he was well qualified to adorn, she might now have had it in her power to offer her father, during his misfortunes, an asylum in an establishment of her own. These thoughts, so favourable to the absent lover, crowded in one after the other with such a minute recapitulation of his words, looks, and actions, as plainly intimated that his former repulse had been dictated rather by duty than inclination. Isabella was musing alternately upon this subject, and upon that of her father's misfortunes, when, as the path winded round a little hillock, covered with brushwood, the old Blue gown suddenly met her.

With an air as if he had something important and mysterious to communicate, he doffed his bonnet, and assumed the cautious step and

voice of one who would not willingly be overheard. «I hae been wishing muckle to meet wi' your leddyship — for ye ken I darena come to the house for Dousterswivel."

«I heard indeed," said Miss Wardour, dropping an alms into the bonnet, «I heard that you had done a very foolish if not a very bad thing, Edie, and I was sorry to hear it."

«Hout, my bonny leddy — fulish? — A' the warld's fules — and how should auld Edie Ochiltree be aye wise? — and for the evil — let them wha deal wi' Dousterswivel tell whether he gat a grain mair than his deserts."

«That may be true, Edie, and yet," said Miss Wardour, «you may have been very wrong."

«Weel, weel, we'se no dispute that e'ennow — it's about yoursel I'm gaun to speak — Div ye ken what's hanging ower the house of Knockwinnock?"

«Great distress, I fear, Edie," answered Miss Wardour; «but I am surprised it is already so public."

«Public! — Sweepclean, the messenger, will be there the day wi' a' his tackle. I ken it frae ane o' the concurrents, as they ca' them, that's warned to meet him, and they'll be about their wark believe — whare they clip there needs nae kame — they sheer close aneugh."

«Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is so very near? — come, I know, it will."

«It's e'en as I tell you, leddy; but dinna be cast down — there's a heaven ower your head here, as weel as in that fearful night atween the Bally-burghness and the Halket-head. D'ye think He, wha rebuked the waters, canna protect you against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?"

«It is, indeed, all we have to trust to."

«Ye dinna ken, — ye dinna ken — when the night's darkest, the dawn's nearest. — If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet. — I trusted to hae gotten a cast wi' the Royal Charlotte, but she's coupit yonder, it's like, at Kittlebrig. There was a young gentleman on the box, and he behuved to drive; and Tam Sang, that suld hae had mair sense, he behuved to let him, and the daft callant could na tak the turn at the corner o' the brig, and odd! he took the curb-stane, and he's whomled her as I wad whomle a toom bicker — it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o' her — Sae I cam down atween hope and despair to see if ye wad send me on."

«And, Edie — where would you go?"

«To Tannonburgh, my leddy." (which was the first stage from Fairport, but a good deal

nearer to Knockwinnock), «and that without delay — it's a' on your ain business."

«Our business, Edie! Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning, but" —

«There's nae *buts* about it, my leddy, for gang I maun."

«But what is it that you would do at Tannonburgh? — or how can your going there benefit my father's affairs?"

«Indeed, my sweet leddy, ye maun just trust that bit secret to auld Edie's grey pow, and ask nae questions about it — Certainly if I wad hae wared my life for you yon night, I can hae nae reason to play an ill pliskie t'ye in the day o' your distress."

«Well, Edie, follow me then," said Miss Wardour; «and I will try to get you sent to Tannonburgh."

«Mak haste then, my bonny leddy, mak haste for the love o' gudeness!" — and he continued to exhort her to expedition until they reached the castle.

CHAPTER XLII.

Let those go see who will — I like it not —
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity;
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.

Old Play.

When Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the castle, she was apprised by the first glance, that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom, and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their distress, or poinding, as it is called in the law of Scotland. Captain M'Intyre flew to her, as, struck dumb

with the melancholy conviction of her father's ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the gateway.

«Dear Miss Wardour," he said, «do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house of these rascals."

«Alas! Captain M'Intyre, I fear it will be too late."

«No," answered Edie impatiently, — «could I but get to Tannonburgh. In the name of heaven, Captain! contrive some way to get me on, and ye'll do this poor ruined family the best day's doing that has been done them since Redhand's days — for as sure as e'er an auld saw cam true, Knockwinnock house and land will be lost and won this day."

«What good can you do, old man?" said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward, and said to his mistress, «If you please ma'am, this auld man, Ochiltree, is very skeely and auldfarrant about mony things, as the diseases of cows, and horse, and sic like, and I am sure he doesna want to be at Tannonburgh the day for naething, since he insists on't this

gate; and, if your leddyship pleases, I'll drive him there in the taxed cart in an hour's time. — I wad fain be of some use — I could bite my very tongue out when I think on this morning."

«I am obliged to you, Robert," said Miss Wardour; «and if you really think it has the least chance of being useful" —

«In the name of God," said the old man, «yoke the cart, Robie, and if I am no o' some use less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me ower Kittlebrig as ye come back again. But O man, haste ye, for time's precious this day."

Robert looked at his mistress as she retired into the house, and seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to yoke the carriage; for, though an old beggar was the personage least likely to render effectual assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie's circle, a general idea of his prudence and sagacity, which authorized Robert's conclusion, that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. — But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the tax-cart, an officer touched him on the shoulder — «My

friend, you must let that beast alone, he's down in the schedule."

«What," said Robert, «am I not to take my master's horse to go my young leddy's errand?"

«You must remove nothing here," said the man of office, «or you will be liable for all consequences."

«What the devil, sir," said Hector, who, having followed to examine Ochiltree more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to bristle like one of the terriers of his own native mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, «have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?"

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier, which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation; and which, if it promised finally the advantages of a process of battery and deforcement, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the military, grasped with one doubtful hand the greasy bludgeon which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having a moveable ring upon it — «Captain M'Intyre, —

Sir, — I have no quarrel with you, — but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace and declare myself deforced."

«And who the devil cares," said Hector, «whether you declare yourself divorced or married? — and as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress's orders."

«I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, «that I shewed him my blazon and explained my character. — He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," — and he slid his enigmatical ring from one end of the baton to the other, being the appropriate symbol of his having been forcibly interrupted in the discharge of his duty.

Honest Hector, better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical ceremony with great indifference; and with like unconcern beheld the messenger sit down to write out an execution of deforcement. But at this moment, to prevent the well-meaning, hot-headed Highlander from running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arrived puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief crammed under his hat, and his wig upon the end of this stick.

«What the deuce is the matter here," he exclaimed, hastily adjusting his headgear; «I have been following you in fear of finding your idle loggerhead knocked against one rock or other, and here I find you parted with your Bucephalus, and quarrelling with Sweepclean. A messenger, Hector, is a worse foe than a *Phoca*, whether it be the *Phoca Barbata*, or the *Phoca vitulina* of your late conflict." —

«D — n the phoca, sir," said Hector, «whether it be the one or the other — I say d — n them both particularly! — I think you would not have me stand quietly by, and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, forsooth — (I hope the king has many better for his meanest errands,) insult a young lady of family and fashion like Miss Wardour?"

«Rightly argued, Hector; but the king, like other people, has now and then shabby errands, and, (in your ear,) must have shabby fellows to do them. But even supposing you unacquainted with the statutes of William the Lion, in which *capite quarto*, *versu quinto*, this crime of deforcement is termed, *despectus Domini Regis*, a contempt, to wit, of the king himself, in whose name all legal diligence issues, could you not have inferred from the information I took so much pains to give you to-day,

that those who interrupt officers who come to execute letters of caption, are *tanquam participes criminis rebellionis*; seeing that he who aids a rebel, is himself, *quodammodo*, an accessary to rebellion — but I'll bring you out of the scrape."

He then spoke to the messenger, who, upon his arrival, had laid aside all thougts of making a good bye-job out of the deforcement, and accepted Mr Oldbuck's assurances that the horse and taxed-cart should be safely returned in the course of two or three hours.

«Very well, sir," said the Antiquary, «since you are disposed to be so civil, you shall have another job in your own best way — a little cast of state politics — a crime punishable *per Legem Juliam*, Mr Sweepclean — Hark thee hither."

And, after a whisper of five minutes, he gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which, the messenger mounted his horse, and, with one of his assistants, rode away pretty sharply. The fellow who remained seemed to delay his operations purposely, proceeded in the rest of his duty very slowly, and with the caution and precision of one who feels himself overlooked by a skilful and severe inspector.

In the mean time, Oldbuck taking his nephew by the arm led him into the house, and they

were ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, who, in a flutter between wounded pride, agonized apprehension, and vain attempts to disguise both under a show of indifference, exhibited a spectacle of painful interest.

«Happy to see you, Mr Oldbuck — always happy to see my friends in fair weather or foul," said the poor Baronet, struggling not for composure, but for gaiety, an affectation which was strongly contrasted by the nervous and protracted grasp of his hand, and the agitation of his whole demeanour; «I am happy to see you — You are riding I see — I hope in this confusion your horses are taken good care of — I always like to have my friends' horses looked after — Egad, they will have all my care now, for you see they are like to leave me none of my own — he! he! he! eh, Mr Oldbuck?"

This attempt at a jest was attended by a hysterical giggle, which poor Sir Arthur intended should sound as an indifferent laugh.

«You know I never ride, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary.

«I beg your pardon; but sure I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after officers' horses, and his was a handsome grey charger, as I have seen."

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when

Mr Oldbuck said, «My nephew came on your own grey horse, Sir Arthur."

«Mine!" said the poor Baronet, «mine was it? then the sun had been in my eyes — Well, I'm not worthy having a horse any longer, since I don't know my own when I see him."

Good Heaven, thought Oldbuck, how is this man altered from the formal stolidity of his usual manner! — he grows wanton under adversity — *Sed pereunti mille figuræ* — He then proceeded aloud; «Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business."

«To be sure," said Sir Arthur; — «but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years, ha! ha! ha!"

«Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, «don't let us waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better seasons for jesting — *desipere in loco* is the maxim of Horace — I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villainy of Dousterswivel."

«Don't mention his name, sir!" said Sir Arthur, and his manner entirely changed from a fluttered affectation of gaiety to all the agitation of fury — his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his hands were clenched; «don't mention his name, sir," he vociferated, «unless you would see me go mad in your presence! — That I should have been such a miserable dolt — such

an infatuated idiot — such a beast, endowed with thrice a beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spur-galled by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences — Mr Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it."

«I only meant to say," answered the Antiquary, «that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that may be of service to you — He has certainly had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water."

«Has he? — has he — has he, indeed? — then d — n the household goods, horses, and so forth — I will go to prison a happy man, Mr Oldbuck — I hope in Heaven there's a reasonable chance of his being hanged?"

«Why, pretty fair," said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed like to overset the poor man's understanding; «honester men have stretched a rope, or the law has been sadly cheated — But this unhappy business of your's — can nothing be done? — Let me see the charge."

He took the papers; and, as he read them, his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate. Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate

in his looks, easily perceived, from the change in his eye and the dropping of his nether-jaw, how little was to be hoped.

«We are then irremediably ruined, Mr Oldbuck?"

«Irremediably? — I hope not — but the instant demand is very large, and others will, doubtless, pour in."

«Aye, never doubt that, Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur; «where the slaughter is, the eagles will be gathered together. — I am like a sheep which I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness — if you had not seen a single raven or hooded crow for a fortnight before, he will not lie on the heather ten minutes before half a dozen will be picking out his eyes (and he drew his hand over his own), and tearing at his heart-strings before the poor devil has time to die. But that d — d long-scented vulture that dogged me so long — you have got him fast, I hope?"

«Fast enough," said the Antiquary; «the gentleman wished to take the wings of the morning and bolt in the what d'ye call it, — the coach and four there. But he would have found twigs limed for him at Edinburgh. As it is, he never got so far, for the coach being overturned — as how could it go safe with such a Jonah? — he has had an infernal tumble, is

carried into a cottage near Kittlebrig, and, to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend, Sweepclean, to carry him back to Fairport, *in nomine regis*, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kittlebrig, as is most fitting. — And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present unpleasant state of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extrication;" and the Antiquary led the way into the library followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

They had been shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them with her cloak on, as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterized her disposition.

«The messenger is returned, Mr Oldbuck."

«What, the devil! he has not let the fellow go?'

«No — I understand he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer."

A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. «You an officer, sir, and these ragamuffians a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows — tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall know your effective strength."

The grumbling voice of the man of law was then heard indistinctly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted — «Come, come, sir, this won't do; march your party, as you call them, out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently."

«The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; «his highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff — Come, Mr Sweepclean, you must give us a little time — I know you would not wish to hurry Sir Arthur?"

«By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain M'Intyre's threats; «but your nephew, sir, holds very uncivil language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence." — And he held out the caption, pointing with the awful truncheon which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this gesture by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a frown of highland wrath.

«Foolish boy, be quiet," said Oldbuck, «and come with me into the room — the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him. — I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Fairport; there is no help for it in the first instance — I will go with you to consult what farther can be done — My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarns, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

«I go with my father, Mr Oldbuck — I have prepared his clothes and my own — I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage?"

«Any thing in reason, madam," said the messenger; «I have ordered it out, and it's at the door — I will go on the box with the coachman — I have no desire to intrude — but two of the concurrents must attend on horseback."

«I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

«We must go, then," said the Antiquary.

«To jail," said the Baronet, sighing involuntarily; «and what of that?" he resumed in a tone affectedly cheerful — «it is only a house we can't get out of, after all — suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the

same — Aye, aye, Monkbarns' we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d — d pain."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faultering accent marked how much this assumed gaiety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Banians, who drive the real terms of an important bargain by signs while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony. They stepped slowly down the magnificent staircase — every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing place, Sir Arthur made an agonized pause; and, as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said with assumed dignity — «Yes, Mr Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line — the representative of Richard Redhand and Gamelyn de Guardover, may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth — upon an accu-

sation of high-treason, Mr Oldbuck, — we were escorted from Highgate by a troop of life guards, and committed upon a secretary of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like that, (pointing to the messenger), and for a paltry concern of pounds, shillings, and pence."

«At least," said Oldbuck, «you have now the company of a dutiful daughter, and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion — But I hear that choleric boy as loud as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new broil! — it was an accursed chance that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden clamour, in which the loud voice and somewhat northern accent of Hector was again pre-eminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us — She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim. — Experience watches,
And has her on the wheel. —

The shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, «Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with a whole budget of good news!" it became obvious that his present cause of clamour was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Wardour joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain M'Intyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

«Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier; «there's a guinea for the fright I have given you; and here comes an old *forty-two* man, who is a fitter match for you than I am."

The messenger (one of those dogs who are not too scornful to eat dirty puddings,) caught in his hand the guinea which Hector chucked at his face; and abode warily and carefully the turn which matters were now to take. All voices meanwhile were loud in enquiries, which no one was in a hurry to answer.

«What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre?" said Sir Arthur.

«Ask old Edie," said Hector; «I only know all's safe and well."

«What is all this, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

«Your leddyship maun ask Monkbarns, for he has gotten the yepistolary correspondensh."

«God save the king!" exclaimed the Antiquary, at the first glance of the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he skimmed his cocked-hat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beaver, had not Edie stopped

his hand, exclaiming, «Lordsake! he's gaun gyte — mind Caron's no here to repair the damage."

Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamouring to know the cause of so sudden a transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and, ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landingplace, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows: —

«My good friends, *favete linguis* — To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and, therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers — Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the goodness to step into the parlour — Mr Sweepclean — *Secede paulisper*, or, in your own language, grant us a supersedere of diligence for five minutes — Hector, draw off your forces, and make your beargarden flourish elsewhere — And, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be *instanter*."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected, that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his ecstacy, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbarns, of the following purport: —

«Dear Sir — to you, as my father's proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must, by this time, be acquainted with the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn, that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings, until their claim shall be legally discussed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills to the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this trouble, when it would seem more natural to address my father directly in his own affairs. But I have yet had no assurance that his eyes are opened to the character of a person against whom you have often, I know, warned him, and whose baneful influence

has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined, and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will explain some views of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorius, I must send this letter to Tannonburgh; but the old man Ochiltree, whom particular circumstances have recommended as trustworthy, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologize in person for the trouble I now give, and have the honour to be your very faithful servant, — REGINALD GAMELYN WARDOUR. Edinburgh, 6th August, 179—."

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the enclosure, the contents of which gave him equal surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure composed himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to business — put the bills into his pocket book, and wrote a short acknowledgement to be dispatched by that day's

post, for he was extremely methodical in money matters; — and, lastly, fraught with all the importance of disclosure, he descended to the parlour.

«Sweepclean," said he as he entered, to the officer who stood respectfully at the door, «you must sweep yourself clean out of Knockwinnock Castle with all your followers, tag-rag and bob-tail. See'st thou this paper, man?"

«A sist on a bill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look; «I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate diligence was to be done against sic a gentleman Sir Arthur — Weel, sir, I'se go my ways with my party — And who's to pay my charges?"

«They who employed thee," replied Oldbuck, «as thou full well dost know. But here comes another express; this is a day of news, I think."

This was Mr Mailsetter on his mare from Fairport with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing that Greenhorn and Grinderson were good enough men for his expences, and here was a letter from them desiring them to stop the diligence. Accordingly he immediately left the apartment, and staying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did then, in the phrase of Hector,

who watched his departure as a jealous mastiff eyes the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evacuate Flanders.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr Greenhorn, and a curiosity in its way. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

«Sir — [Oh! I am *dear* sir no longer; folks are only dear to Messrs Greenhorn and Grinderson, when they are in adversity] — Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on particular business, [a bet on the sweepstakes, I suppose,] that my partner had the impropriety, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Messrs Goldiebirds in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my most humble apology, as well as Mr Grinderson's — [come, I see he can write for himself and partner too,] — and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [*his* family! curse him for a puppy!] have uniformly experienced from that of Knockwinnock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr Wardour, that he is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But in order to remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains, [pretty mistake, indeed!

to clap his patron into jail,] I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against your person or property; and at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr Grinderson is of opinion, that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs Goldiebird's present claim which would greatly reduce its amount [so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side;] and that there is not the slightest hurry in settling the balance of your accompt with us; and that I am for Mr G. as well as myself, Dear Sir, [O, aye, he has written himself into an approach to familiarity,] your much obliged, and most humble servant, GILBERT GREENHORN."

«Well said, Mr Gilbert Greenhorn," said Monkbarns; «I see now there is some use in having two attornies in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the man and woman in a Dutch baby-house. When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman-partner to fawn like a spaniel; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bulldog — Well, I thank God, that my man of business still wears an equilateral cock'd hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the kirk of a Sunday, and,

in respect he has no partner, hath only his own folly to apologize for."

«There are some writers very honest fellows," said Hector; «I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald M'Intyre, Strathtudlem's seventh son, (the other six are in the army,) is not as honest a fellow" —

«No doubt, no doubt, Hector, all the M'Intyres are so; they have it by patent, man — But, I was going to say, that in a profession where unbounded trust is necessarily reposed, there is nothing surprising that fools should neglect it in their idleness, and tricksters abuse it in their knavery — But it is the more to the honour of those, and I will vouch for many, who unite integrity with skill and attention, and walk honourably upright where there are so many pit-falls and stumbling-blocks for those of a different character. To such men their fellow-citizens may safely entrust the care of protecting their patrimonial rights, and their country the more sacred charge of her laws and privileges."

«They are best off, however, that hae least to do with them," said Ochiltree, who had stretched his neck into the parlour door; for the general confusion of the family not having yet subsided, the domestics, like waves after the fall of a hurricane, had not yet exactly

regained their due limits, but were roaming wildly through the house.

«Aha, old Truepenny, art thou there?" said the Antiquary; «Sir Arthur, let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You talked of the raven that scented out the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue pigeon (somewhat of the oldest and toughest, I grant,) who smelt the good news six or seven miles off, flew thither in the taxed cart, and returned with the olive branch."

«Ye owe it a' to puir Robie that drave me — puir fallow," said the beggar, «he doubts he's in disgrace wi' my leddy and Sir Arthur."

Robert's repentant and bashful face was seen over the mendicant's shoulder.

«In disgrace with me?" said Sir Arthur — «how so?" — for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten — «O, I recollect — Robert, I was angry, and you were wrong — go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

«Nor any one else," said the Antiquary; «for a soft answer turneth away wrath."

«And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the housekeeper to-morrow," said Miss Wardour, «and we will see what can be of service to her."

«God bless your leddyship," said poor Robert, «and his honour, Sir Arthur, and the young laird, and the house o' Knockwinnock in a' it's branches, far and near — it's been a kind and a gude house to the puir his mony hundred years."

«There" — said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur — «we won't dispute — but there you see the gratitude of the poor people naturally turns to the civil virtues of your family. You don't hear them talk of Redhand, or Hell-in-Harness. For me, I must say, *Odi accipitrem qui semper vivit in armis* — so let us eat and drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlour, where the party sate joyously down to some refreshment. At the request of Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree was permitted to sit by the sideboard in a great leathern chair, which was placed in some measure behind a screen.

«I accede to this the more readily," said Sir Arthur, «because I remember in my father's days that chair was occupied by Ailshie Gourlay, who, for aught I know, was the last privileged fool or jester maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland."

«Aweel, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who never hesitated an instant between his friend and his jest, «mony a wise man sits in a fule's

seat, and mony a fule in a wise man's, especially in families of distinction."

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech (however worthy of Ailshie Gourlay, or any other privileged jester,) upon the nerves of her father, hastened to enquire whether ale and beef should not be distributed to the servants and people, whom the news had assembled around the castle.

«Surely, my love," said her father; «when was it ever otherwise in our family when a siege had been raised?"

«Aye, a siege laid by Saunders Sweepclean the bailiff, and raised by Edie Ochiltree the gaberlunzie, *par nobile fratrum*," said Oldbuck, «and well pitted against each other in respectability. But never mind, Sir Arthur — these are such sieges and such reliefs as our time of day admits of — and our escape is not less worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine — Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think."

«Were there any thing better in the cellar," said Miss Wardour, «it would be all too little to regale you after your friendly exertions."

«Say you so?" said the Antiquary — «why, then, a cup of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may you be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winnox."

Miss Wardour blushed, Hector coloured, and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, «My daughter is much obliged to you, Monkbarns; but unless you'll accept her yourself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these mercenary times."

«Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur? — No, not I; I will claim the privilege of the duello, and, as being unable to encounter my fair enemy myself, I will appear by my champion — But of this matter hereafter. — What do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold your head down over them as if your nose were bleeding?"

«Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm is now almost quite well, I think I will relieve you of my company in a day or two, and go to Edinburgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should like to see him."

«Major whom?"

«Major Neville, sir."

«And who the devil is Major Neville?"

«O, Mr Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, «you must remember his name frequently in the newspapers — a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr M'Intyre need not leave Monkbarns to see him, for my son writes that the Major is to come with

him to Knockwinnock, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted, — unless, indeed, they are known to each other already."

«No, not personally, answered Hector, «but I have had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we have several mutual friends, your son being one of them. — But I must go; for I see my uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am afraid" —

«That you will grow tired of him?" interrupted Oldbuck, — «I fear that's past praying for. But you have forgot that the ecstatic twelfth of August approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of Lord Glenallan's gamekeepers, God knows where, to persecute the peaceful feathered creation."

«True, true, uncle — I had forgot that," exclaimed the volatile Hector, — «but you said something just now that put every thing out of my head."

«An' it like your honours," said old Edie, thrusting his white head from behind the screen, where he had been plentifully regaling himself with ale and cold meat — «an' it like your honours, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wi' us amaist as weel as the pouting — Hear ye na the French are coming?"

«The French, you blockhead?" answered Oldbuck — «Bah!"

«I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Wardour, «to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week — indeed I generally make a rule to read it only on Wednesdays, except in pressing cases, for I do every thing by method — but from the glance I took of my letters, I observed some alarm was entertained."

«Alarm?" said Edie, — «troth there's alarm, for the provost's gar'd the beacon light on the Halket-head be sorted up (that suld hae been sorted half a year syne,) in an unco hurry, and the council hae named nae less a man than auld Caxon himsel to watch the light. Some sae it was out o' compliment to Lieutenant Taffril, for it's neist to certain that he'll marry Jenny Caxon — some say it's to please your honour and Monkbarns that wear wigs — and some say there's some auld story about a periwig that ane o' the baillies got and ne'er paid for — Ony way, there he is, sittin' cockit up like a skart upon the tap o' the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes."

«On mine honour, a pretty warder," said Monkbarns; «and what's my wig to do all the while?"

«I asked Caxon that very question," answered Ochiltree, «and he said he could look in ilka

morning, and gie't a touch afore he gaed to his bed, for there's another man to watch in the day time, and Caxon says he'll frizz your honour's wig as weel sleeping as wauking."

This news gave a different turn to the conversation, which ran upon national defence, and the duty of fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their walk homeward, after parting from Knockwinnock with the warmest expressions of mutual regard, and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles? and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven! — I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

Old Play.

»HECTOR," said the uncle to Captain M'Intyre in the course of their walk homeward, «I am sometimes inclined to suspect, that, in one respect, you are a fool."

«If you only think me so in *one* respect, sir, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserved."

«I mean in one particular, *par excellence.* I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour."

«Well, sir."

«Well, sir! deuce take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army, and nothing at all besides, should marry the daughter of a Baronet."

«I presume to think, sir, there would be no degradation on Miss Wardour's part in point of family."

«O Heaven forbid we should come on that topic! — no, no, equal both — both on the table-land of gentility, and qualified to look down on every *roturier* in Scotland."

«And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither of us have got any," continued Hector. «There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to presumption."

«But here lies the error, then, if you call it so," replied his uncle; «she won't have you, Hector."

«Indeed, sir!"

«It is very sure, Hector; and to make it double sure, I must inform you that she likes another man. She misunderstood some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put upon them.

At the time, I was unable to account for her hesitation and blushing; but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal to your hopes and pretensions — So I advise you to beat your retreat, and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to storm it."

«I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and marching with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity; «no man needs to retreat that has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Wardour, of as good family" —

«And better taste," said his uncle; «doubtless there are, Hector; and though I cannot say but that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensible girls I have seen, yet I doubt much of her merit would be cast away on you. A showy figure, now, with two cross feathers in her noddle — one green, one blue; who would wear a riding-habit of the regimental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next review the regiment on the grey trotting poney which dragged that vehicle, *hoc erat in votis* — These are the qualities that would subdue you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a *phoca*."

«It's a little hard, sir, I must have that cursed seal thrown into my face on all occasions — but I care little about it — and I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to chuse for herself, and I wish her all happiness."

«Magnanimously resolved, thou prop of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene — Your sister told me you were desperately in love with Miss Wurdour."

«Sir, you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me?"

«Well, nephew," said the Antiquary more seriously, «there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a great deal, some twenty or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do."

«Any body, I suppose, may think as they please on such subjects," said Hector.

«Not according to the old school," said Oldbuck; «but, as I said before, the practice of the modern seems in this case the most prudential, though, I think, scarcely the most interesting. But tell me your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an invasion. — The cry is still, They come."

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Wardour and the seal. When they reached Monkbarns, the communicating to the ladies the events which had taken place at the castle, with the counter-information of how long dinner had waited before the womankind had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted these delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and, as Caxon had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small-talk of which the experuquier was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made as necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar to such a deprivation was alleviated by the appearance of old Ochiltree, sauntering beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had be been of late, that even Juno did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and vigilant eye.

Our Antiquary stepped out in his night-gown, and instantly received and returned his greeting.

«They are coming now, in good earnest, Monkbarns — I just cam frae Fairport to bring ye the news, and then I'll step awa' back again — the Search has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased by a French fleet."

«The Search?" said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment. «Oho!"

«Aye, aye, Captain Taffril's gun-brig, the Search."

«What! any relation to *Search No. II?*"

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily. — «The de'il's in you, Monkbarns, for garring odds and evens meet — Wha thought ye wad hae laid that and that thegither? — Odd, I am clean catched now."

«I see it all," said Oldbuck, «as plain as the legend on a medal of high preservation — the box in which the bullion was found belonged to the gun-brig, and the treasure to my phœnix?" — (Edie nodded assent.) — And was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties."

«By me," said Edie, «and twa of the brig's men — But they didna ken its contents; and thought it some bit smuggling concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night till I saw it in the right hand; and then, when that German deevil was glowering at the lid o' the kist, (they liked mutton weel that licket whare the yowe lay), I think some Scotch deevil put it into my head to play him yon ither cantrip — Now, ye see, if I had said mair or less to Baillie Littlejohn, I behoved till hae come out wi' a' this story; and vexed wad Mr Lovel hae been to have it brought to light — sae I thought I would stand to ony thing rather than that."

«I must say he's chosen his confidant well, though somewhat strangely."

«I'll say this for mysel, Monkbarns," answered the mendicant, «that I am the fittest man in the hale country to trust wi' siller, for I neither want it, nor wish for it, nor could use it if I had it. But the lad hadna muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country for ever (I trust he's mista'en in that though); and the night was set in when we learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's sair distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the brig stood into the bay,

and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye fand it."

«This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldbuck — «Why not trust me or any other friend?"

«The blood o' your sister's son," replied Edie, was on his hands, and him maybe dead outright — what time had he to take counsel? — or how could he ask it at you, by ony body?"

«You are right. — But what if Dousterswivel had come before you?"

«There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur — he had gotten a sair gliff the night afore, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought there sting and ling — He kenn'd weel the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he expect a second? He just havered on about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur."

«Then how," said Oldbuck, «should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

«Umph!" answered Edie drily, «I had a story about Misticoat wad hae brought him forty miles, or you either. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand the

siller in — he kenn'd na the secret o' that job. In short, the siller being in this shape, Sir Arthur in utter difficulties, and Lovel determined he should never ken the hand that helped him, — for that was what he insisted maist upon, — we couldna think o' a better way to fling the gear in the gate, though we simmered it and wintered it e'er sae lang. And if by ony queer mischance Doustercivil had got his claws o't, I was instantly to hae informed you or the Sheriff o' the haill story."

«Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lovel by such a mass of silver ingots?"

«That's just what I canna tell ye — But they were put on board wi' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into ane o' the ammunition boxes o' the brig, baith for concealment and convenience o' carriage."

«Lord!" said Oldbuck, his recollection recurring to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Lovel; «and this young fellow, who was putting hundreds on so strange a hazard, I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I never will pay

any person's bill again, that's certain. — And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lovel, I suppose?"

«I just gat ae bit scrape o' a pen frae him, to say there wad, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tannonburgh wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockwinnock folk; for they jaloused the opening of our letters at Fairport. — And that's as true, I hear Mrs Mailsetter is to lose her office for looking after ither folk's business and neglecting her ain."

«And what do you expect, now, Edie, for being the adviser, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?"

«De'il hae't do I expect — excepting that a' the gentles will come to the gaberlunzie's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head yoursel, as ye did puir Steenie Mucklebackit's. — What trouble was't to me? I was ganging about at ony rate — O but I was blythe when I got out of prison, though; for I thought, what if that weary letter should come when I am closed up here like an oyster, and a' should gang wrang for want o't; and whiles I thought I maun make a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I couldna weel do that without contravening Mr Lovel's positive orders; and I reckon he had to

see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wussed to do for Sir Arthur and his family."

«Well, and to your public news, Edie — So they are still coming, are they?"

«Troth, they say sae, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith, to look at our means o' defence — I saw the Baillie's lass cleaning his belts and white breeks — I gae her a hand, for ye maun think she wasna ower clever at it, and sae I gat a' the news for my pains."

«And what think you, as an old soldier?"

«Troth, I kenna — an' they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us — But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate mysel — But we'se do our best."

«What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?

«Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!"

«I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

„Me no muckle to fight for, sir? — is nae there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gi'e me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town! — De'il!" he continued, grasping his pikes taff with great emphasis, „an' I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will, and a gude cause, I should gi'e some o' them a day's kemping."

„Bravo! bravo! Edie, the country's in little ultimate danger, when the beggar is as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

Their further conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the mendicant and Lovel in the ruins of St Ruth; by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused.

„I would have given a guinea," he said, „to have seen the scoundrelly German under the agonies of those terrors which it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others; and trembling alternately for the fury of his patron, and the apparition of some hobgoblin."

„Troth," said the beggar, „there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hell-in-Harness had ta'en possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur. — But what will come o' the landlouper?"

„I have had a letter this morning, from which, I understand, he has acquitted you of the charge he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended — So writes the Sheriff; and adds, that he has given some private information of importance to government. In consideration of which I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country."

„And a' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the coves, and sheughs, doun at Glenwithershins yonder, what's to come o' them?" said Edie.

„I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bonfire of their gimcracks, as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the holes, Edie, I abandon them as rattraps, for the benefit of the next wise men who may chuse to drop the substance to snatch at a shadow."

„Hegh, sirs! guide us a'! to burn the engines? that's a great waste — Had ye na better try to get back part o' your hunddred pounds wi' the sale o' the materials?" he continued with a tone of affected condolence.

„Not a farthing," said the Antiquary peevishly; taking a turn from him, and making a step or two away. Then returning, half smiling at his

own pettishness, he said, „Get thee into the house, Edie, and remember my counsel: never speak to me about a mine, or to my nephew; Hector, about a *Phoca*, that is a sealgh, as you call it."

„I maun be ganging my ways back to Fairport," said the wanderer; „I want to see what they're saying there about the invasion — but I'll mind what your honour says, no to speak to you about a sealgh, or to the Captain about the hundred pounds that you gi'ed to Douster" —

„Confound thee! — I desired thee not to mention that to me." —

„Dear me!" said Edie, with affected surprise; „weel, I thought there was naething but what your honour could hae studdin in the way o' agreeable conversation, unless it was about the Prætorian yonder, or the boddle that the packman sauld to ye for an auld coin."

„Pshaw, pshaw," said the Antiquary, turning from him hastily, and retreating into the house.

The mendicant looked after him a moment, and with a chuckling laugh, such as that with which a magpie or parrot applauds a successful exploit of mischief, he resumed once more the road to Fairport. His habits had given him a sort of restlessness, much increased by the plea-

sure he took in gathering news; and in a short time he had regained the town which he left in the morning, for no reason that he knew himself, unless just to „hae a bit crack wi' Monkbarns."

CHAPTER XLV.

Red glared the beacon on Pownell,
On Skiddaw there were three;
The bugle-horn on moor and fell
Was heard continually.

James Hogg.

The watch, who kept his watch on the hill, and looked toward Birnam, probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Even so, old Caxon, as, perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to lieutenant Taffril, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post, with which his own corresponded, was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the

point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, «with fear of change perplexing nations.»

«The Lord preserve us!» said Caxon, «what's to be done now? — But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, sae I'se e'en fire the beacon.»

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the sea-fowl from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reddening billows of the sea. The brother warders of Caxon being equally diligent, caught and repeated his signal. The lights glanced on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion.

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

«What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed, — «womankind in my room at this hour of night! — are ye all mad?"

„The beacon, uncle," said Miss M'Intyre —

„The French coming to murder us!» screamed Miss Griselda.

„The beacon, the beacon! — the French, the French! — murder, murder! — and waur than murder! » cried the two handmaidens like the chorus of an opera.

„The French? » said Oldbuck, starting up, — « get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on — And, hark ye, bring me my sword. »

„Whilk o' them, Monkbarns? » cried his sister, offering a Roman faulchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

„The langest, the langest, » cried Jenny Rintherout, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

„Womankind, » said Oldbuck, in great agitation, « be composed, and do not give way to vain terror — Are you sure they are come? »

„Sure! — sure!" exclaimed Jenny, — „ower sure! — a' the sea fencibles, and the land fencibles, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang — and auld Mucklebackit's gane wi' the lave — muckle gude

he'll do! — Hegh, sirs! he'll be missed the morn wha wad hae served king and country weel!"

„Give me," said Oldbuck, „the sword which my father wore in the year fortyfive — it hath no belt or baldrick — but we'll make shift."

So saying, he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

„Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldbuck — „where is your doublebarrelled gun that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such vanities?"

„Pooh! pooh! sir," said Hector, „who ever took a fowling-piece on action? — I have got my uniform on, you see — I hope I will be of more use if they will give me a command, than I could be with ten double barrels. — And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for the quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

„You are right, Hector, — I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too —

But here comes Sir Arthur Wardour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkbarns, Mr Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamoured in the streets. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six as they had met on the road. The drums and fifes of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voices of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and boats from

the armed vessels added to the bustle, by landing men and guns, destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffril with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Wardour, Oldbuck, and Hector made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the townhouse is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience. The magistrates were beset by the quarter-masters of the different corps for billets for their men and horses.

„Let us," said Baillie Littlejohn, „take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours, — share our supper with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to shew we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of their country.

Captain M'Intyre acted upon this occasion as military adviser and aid-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual *insouciance* and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular material of which they were composed, in great force of numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence, that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected — the presence of the Glenallan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, — and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would entitle him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenallan yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very handsome and well. mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped with the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependants called forth the admiration of Captain M'Intyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed,

and obtained for himself and his followers, the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great alacrity in making the necessary dispositions, and shewed equal acuteness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military councils of Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced, «There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer;» and their post-chaise and four drove into the square, amidst the huzzas of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware, that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace, and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognise his son, Captain Wardour, in Lovel's or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all present, that the courage and zeal which they had dis-

played were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

„The watchman at Halket-head," said Major Neville, „as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most nuturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithershins, just in the line of the beacon with which his corresponded."

Oldbuck gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sheepish, and a shrug of the shoulders.

„It must have been the machinery which we condemned to the flames in our wrath," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance — „the devil take Dousterswivel with all my heart! — I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of blunders and mischief. as if he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure — I wonder what cracker will go off next among our shins — But yonder comes the prudent Caxon. — Hold up your head, you ass — your betters must bear the blame for you — Andh ere, take this what - d'ye call-it" — (giving him the sword) — „I wonder what I

would have said yesterday to any man, that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallan, who dragged him into a separate apartment. „For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like" —

„Like the unfortunate Eveline," interrupted Oldbuck. „I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your Lordship has suggested the very cause."

„But who — who is he?" continued Lord Glenallan, holding the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

„Formerly I would have called him Lovel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

„Whom my brother brought up as his natural son — whom he made his heir — Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!"

„Hold, my Lord — hold!" said Oldbuck, „do not give too hasty way to such a presumption — what probability is there?"

„Probability? none! There is certainty! absolute certainty. The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story — I received it yester-

day, not sooner — Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs."

„I will; but, for your own sake and his, give him a few moments for preparation."

And, determined to make still farther investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for dispersing the force which had been assembled.

„Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wardour and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled, (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector across the table,) and grant me a moment's audience-"

„You have a claim on me, Mr Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, „for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarded your hospitality by injuring your nephew."

„You served him as he deserved," — said Oldbuck; „though, by the way, he shewed as much good sense as spirit to-day — Egad, if he would rub up his learning and read Caesar andPolybius, and the *Stratagemata Polyaeni*, I think he would

rise in the army, and I will certainly lend him a lift."

„He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; „and I am glad vou excuse me, which you may do the more frankly, when you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you knew me."

„Indeed! then I trust we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title."

„Sir! I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth a fit subject" —

„By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him, — „I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself — and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldin Neville of Neville's-burgh, in Yorkshire, and, I presume, as his destined heir?"

„Pardon me — no such views were held out to me; I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

„You say your *supposed* father? — What leads you to suppose Mr Geraldin Neville was not your real father?"

I know, Mr Oldbuck, that you wouldn ot ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will, therefore, tell you candidly, that last year, while we occupied as mall town in French Flanders, I found in a convent, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English — She was a Spaniard — her name Teresa D'Acunha. In the process of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr Geraldin Neville was not my father, We were attacked by the enemy and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the republicans. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burnt, and several nuns perished, among others Teresa —

and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth — tragic by all accounts it must have been."

„*Raro antecedentem scelestum*, or, as I may here say, *scelestam*," said Oldbuck, « *deseruit poena* — even Epicureans admitted that and — what did you do upon this?"

„I remonstrated with Mr Neville by letter, and to no purpose — I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the favours he had already conferred; I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure. I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you knew me. — It was at this time, when residing with a friend in the north of England who favoured my disguise, that I became acquainted with Miss Wardour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wavered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you was present when it

was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of bealth, and conjured me, for my own sake, to enquire no farther into the narure of his connection with me, bnt to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate, that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate that there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinar illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arthur" —

„And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?" said Oldbuck.

„Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

„From love and from poetry — Miss Wardour and the Caledoniad."

„Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wardour at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here — you see I know the whole story. But how came you by this treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it."

"Well, Major Neville, or — let me say — Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both your *alias's* for the stile and title of the honourable William Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more — perhaps he might himself have an eye to

the inheritance of his brother — be was then a gay wild young man — But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquit him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transactions with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards, Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring, a massy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, *Kunst macht Gunst.*

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue gown, bowls away easily from one friend's house to another, and boast that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock, to which Caxon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighbourhood of the three parochial wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, „This is a gay bean place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a corner to sit in in a bad day."

It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously upon Mrs Hadoway and upon the Mucklebackits. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the

Gazette, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favour. And, what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the Phoca. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour; but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnock and Glenallan-house, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-Harness. He regularly enquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the Caledoniad, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. *En attendant*, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chuses to make them public without risk or expence to THE ANTIQUARY.

GLOSSARY.

[The following Glossary, it is hoped, will be found to contain all, or very nearly all, the Scottish words requiring explanation in the Novels of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary. It must be premised, however, that the explanations here hazarded, are not intended to embrace *all* the various senses in which the words defined may be understood; but to convey that sense, or those senses, only, in which they are used in those three works. For example; the word CANNY, according to Dr Jamieson, is used in no fewer than *eighteen* different senses; but, in the following Glossary, we have only ascribed to it *four* of these senses; because it is in these four only, that the word is used in the works in question.

There are many Scottish words which we conceive to require no explanation; because they differ from the corresponding English words merely in the spelling. Thus, such words as *ain*, *nane*, *a'*, etc. are so obvious in their meaning, that it appeared altogether unnecessary to explain them by the words *own*, *none*, *all*, etc. But all those words, the meaning of which is difficult, and is not rendered clear by the context, we believe will be found in this Glossary.]

A.

Afterhend. Afterwards.
Aiblins. Perhaps.
Aits. Oats.
Anent. Respecting.
Auld-warld. Old-fashioned, antique.
Aweel. Well.
A wheen. A small, a limited number of. As, a wheen bonny lasses.

Awmous. Alms.
Azzoilzie. Acquit.

B.

Baff. N. S. Shot.
Bagganet. Bayonet.
Bairns. Children.
Ballant. Ballad.
Ban. Curse, swear.
Bannock-fluke. The name generally given to what is said to be the genuine turbot. What is usually so termed is halibut.
Barken. Encrust.
Barns-breaking. Idle frolic.
Barm. Yeast.
Barrow tram. The limb of a hand-barrow. Jocularly applied to a raw-boned clergyman.
Baudrons. A cat.
Bawbee. Halfpenny.
Bean. Comfortable, snug.
Bedral. Beadle.
Bee in the head. Slightly deranged; crack-brained.
Beflumm'd. Palavered. Outwitted by palavering.
Begunk. Trick.

Belive. By and by.

Ben. The inner apartment of a house containing only two. 'To bring far ben,' proverbially signifies to pay attention greater than is expected to any one.

Bested. Beset, hard-pressed.

Biddin. Waited.

Bide. Remain, reside.

Bields. Huts, rude shelter of any kind.

Bieldy. Snug, warm.

Bigging. Building.

Biggit. Built.

Bink. The wooden shelves in a kitchen where the plates are arranged.

Birling. Drinking; plying one with drink.

Birlieman. The petty officer of a burgh of barony.

Birse. Bristles. *Set up his birse.* Set up his bristles.

Bit. A diminutive. As, the *bit* burn, the small rivulet.

Bit. Spot. Blithe bit, delightful spot.

Bittock. Little bit.

Black-nebs. Democrats. Factious revilers.

Blate. Bashful.

Blearing your e'e. Flattering you; or rather, blinding you by flattery.

Blink. N. S. Glimmer. Wink.

Bode. Offer.

Bodle. A copper coin of the value of the third part of an English penny.

Bogles. Hobgoblins.

Boot — to the boot of that. Into the bargain, in addition.

Bole. Cottage-window. A piece of wood, without glass, that shuts and opens.

Bonny-dies. Trinkets.

Bonny wawlies. Toys, trinkets.

Bountith. The bounty given in addition to servants' wages.

Boul o' a pint-stoup. The handle of a Scotch pint. To «come to the hand like the boul o' a pint-stoup," is a proverbial phrase, indicating any thing that takes place as easily and agreeably as the handle of a drinking-vessel comes to the hand of a tippler.

Bourd. A jeer.

Bourock. An inclosure. Applied to the little houses that children build for play. A cairn.

Bourtree-bush. Elder-bush.

Bowk. Bulk.

Bows. Bolls.

Brandered. Broiled on the gridiron.

Brawly. Bravely, perfectly well.

Braws. Braveries, finery.

Brent-brow. Smooth, open forehead.

Brock. Badger.
Bruckle. Brittle.
Bruick. Enjoy.
Buirdly. Strong, athletic.
Busking. Dressing.
Buttock-mail. The fine imposed upon fornicators, in lieu of sitting upon the stool of repentance.

C.

Ca' the cows out o' a kail-yard. He has nae the sense to ca' the cows out o' a kail-yard. An old proverb, signifying that degree of incapacity which unfits a man for the easiest offices of life.
Ca-thro'. Disturbance.
Callant. Stripling.
Caller. This is one of the Scotch words which it is hardly possible fully to explain. The nearest English synonym is Cool, refreshing. Caller as a kailblade, means as refreshingly cool as possible.
Camsteary. Froward, perverse, unmanageable.
Cannle. Candles.
Canny. Good-humoured. Safe. Trust-worthy.

Fortunate, used in a superstitious sense. In this sense it is often used negatively, as, She's no canny, She is something unlucky, unhallowed.

Cantrap. Malignant trick.

Carle. Old man.

Carline. Old woman.

Certie, my certie. In good truth, Ay, indeed! an exclamation.

Chancy. Lucky, of good omen.

Chiel. Fellow.

Chuckies. Hens.

Clamhewit. A stroke.

Clanjamfray. Mob. *Anglicé,* Tag-rag and bobtail.

Clarty. Dirty.

Clashes. Idle gossip.

Claught. Snatched violently.

Clavers. Idle gossip.

Clecking-time. Breeding-time.

Clipping-time. Nick of time.

Clodded. Threw with violence.

Clour. The swelling produced by a blow.

Clouted. Repaired.

Coble. Fishing-boat.

Cock-padle. The lump-fish.

Collie-shangies. Quarrels, riots.

Corbie. Raven.

Cosie. Warm.
Coup. Overturn.
Coupar. He that will to Coupar, maun to Coupar. He that will, will.
Cove. Cave.
Cracks. Hearty conversation.
Craig. Rock. Also, throat, neck.
Craigsman. One who is dexterous at climbing amongst cliffs.
Crappit-heads. A dish composed of haddocks and oatmeal.
Creagh. Highland foray.
Creel. Basked carried on the back.
Creesh. Grease.
Crown o' the causeway. Top of the causeway. To keep the crown of the causey, is to walk boldly and independently.
Cummer. Comrade.
Curfuffle. Tremor, agitation.
Cusser. Courser, stallion.
Cutty-spoon. Short horn-spoon.

D.

Daft. Mad. Also, frolicsome.
Dammer. Miner.

Dandering. Sauntering.
Dead-thraw. Last agonies of expiring nature.
Deave. Deafen.
Deeing. Dying. Also, doing.
Deevil's buckie. Imp of Satan.
De'il gae'd o'er Jock Wabster. A proverb, signifying, «Every thing went topsy-turvy."
Demented. Doating, insane.
Devel. Very hard blow.
Ding. Overcome.
Div. Do.
Doil'd. Stupid, thoughtless.
Doited. Stupid, doating.
Donnert. Stupid, stupified.
Dorlach. Portmanteau. Gaelic.
Doo. Dove.
Dooket. Dovecot.
Dooms, dooms certain, Absolutely certain. It is an adverb of an aggravating nature. As, dooms-desperate, altogether desperate.
Doup o' a candle. Candles' end.
Dour. Hard, impenetrable. Also, sulky, proud.
Dovering. Half-asleep, nodding.
Dowed. Was able to.
Dowf. Dull, phlegmatic.
Dowie. Dull, melancholy.
Dreeping. Dropping.
Droghling coghling. Wheezing and blowing.

Drudging-box. Flour-box.
Dwam. Swoon.

E.

Eard. S. Earth. *Eard.* V. A. To inter.
Eilding. Fuel.
Endlang. In uninterrupted succession.
Eithly. Easily.
Evening. Comparing. To even oneself is to compare oneself; or rather, *to presume* to compare oneself.
Ewest. Nearest. Contiguous.
Ewking. Itching.
Exies. Hysterics.
Exeemed. Exempted.

F.

Fae. Who. Aberdeenshire.
Fan. When. Do.
Fain. Glad.
Fair-strae death. Death in the ordinary course of nature.

Fashes. Troubles.
Fashious. Troublesome.
Fat. What. Aberdeenshire.
Faur'd. Favoured. Weelfaur'd, Ill-faur'd. Well and ill-favoured.
Feal dyke. Low rude inclosure, built of turf.
Feckless. Powerless, of little strength.
Feck, maist feck: Great part.
Feel-body. Fool-body. Aberdeenshire.
Fell. Strong, active, expert.
Fendy. Acute in providing.
Fend. To defend. To keep out bad weather.
Fickle. V. A. Puzzle.
Fient a haet. Deuce a bit.
Fiking. Troubling oneself, or others.
Fire-flaught. Flash of lightning.
Fissel. Rustle.
Fite. White. Aberdeenshire.
Flaughtering. Light shining fitfully.
Flemit. Frightened.
Flesh and fell. Carcase and skin.
Flisking. Whisking up and down.
Fliskmahoy. Jill-flirt.
Flit. Depart. Generally applied to removal from a habitation.
Forbears. Forefathers.
Forbye. Besides.
Forfairn. Wholly exhausted by decay, or fatigue.

Foumart. Pole-cat.
Fuff. Puff.
Fusht, fusht. Tush, tush.

G.

Gaberlunzie. An itinerant mechanic, or tinker, who carries a wallet, so called. See *Jamieson.* Generally applied to any old mendicant.
Gae. Go. Gaed on, Went on.
Gae-down. Drinking-bout.
Gangrel puir bodies. Poor foot travellers.
Gar. Compel, make.
Gate. Way. As, His ain gate, His own way.
Gay. Pretty considerable. As, a gay clour, a pretty considerable knock.
Gear. Goods. Head-gear, head-dress.
Gecked. Jeered, threw up the head.
Glamour. Magical delusion.
Gled. Falcon.
Gleg. Active, vigilant.
Gliff. Short time. Also a fright.
Gliffing. Very short space of time.
Gloaming. Twilight.
Glower. Gaze, stare.
Glunch. Gloomy.

Goustie. Dreary, dismal.
Gowk. Silly fool.
Gripple. Greedy, avaricious.
Grit. Great.
Gudesire. Grandfather.
Guffá. Loud burst of laughter.
Gully. Large clasp-knife.
Gyre-carline. Witch.
Gy. Rope.
Gyte, Gaun gyte. Going distracted.

H.

Hafflin. Half-grown. Hafflin callant, half-grown boy.
Haill. Whole.
Hallan. A wall, in cottages, extending from the fore-wall backward, to shelter the inner part of the house from the air of the door.
Hallenshaker. Sturdy beggar. Ragged fellow.
Hantle. Great many, or great deal.
Hap, to hap. To cover warmly.
Harns. Brains.
Harry. To plunder, by removing every thing the depredator can lay his hands on.
Har'st. Harvest.

Hause. Throat.
Haud. Hold. Have.
Havered. Talked without method.
Heezie. Lend him a heezie. Lend him a lift. The word is used contemptuously.
Hellicate. Light-headed, boisterous, improper.
Heugh-head. Head of the cliff or precipice.
Hirple. V. A. To walk with the infirmity of age.
Hirsel. Flock.
Hoast. Cough.
Horse-couper. Horse-dealer.
Houdie. Midwife.
Howk. Dig.
Howlit. Owl.
Hum-dudgeon. Needless noise, much to do.

I.

Ill. Difficult. As, Ill to follow, difficult to follow.
Ill-sorted. Ill-satisfied.
Ilk. Of that Ilk. Of a place bearing the name of its proprietor: as Knockwinnock of that Ilk, is Knockwinnock of Knockwinnock.
Ilka. Every.

Ingle. Fire. Ingle-side, fire-side.
In-ower and out-ower. Violently, despotically, against all opposition.
Ivy-tod. Ivy bush.
Jalouse. To suspect. To be jealous of.
Jeedging. Judging. Aberdeenshire.
Jimp. Barely. Scarcely.
Jinking. Appearing suddenly, and unexpected.
Joe. Sweetheart.
Jowing. Rocking.

K.

Kame. Comb.
Keelyvine pen. Black-lead pencil.
Kelp. Sea-weed.
Kemping. The act of striving on the harvest-field. Extended to striving for superiority in any way.
Kemple. A measure of straw.
Killogie. The space before the fire-place of a kiln.
Kilt. V. A. Tuck up. S. The short petticoat worn by a highlander.
Kind gallows. The gallows at Crieff was so called, but why we know not. Dr Jamieson

is wholly silent on this subject. It stood till within the last twenty years, and was jocularly said to be greeted by the highlanders as the place «where her nainsell's father and mother died, and where she hoped to die hersell." Others, as they passed the spot, would touch their bonnets and say, «God bless her nainsell, and the deil d — n you."

Kippage. Turmoil.

Kipper. Dried salmon.

Kist. Chest.

Kittle. Doubtful, ticklish.

Knave-bairn. Male child.

Knevelled. Beat violently.

Knowe. Knoll.

L.

Laid till her. Fated that she should.

Laigh, Low. *Laigh crofts,* Low-lying land of superior quality.

Land-louper. A vagabond; a fellow who shifts from place to place, as if the beadle's lash were at his back.

Lapper-milk. Sour curdled milk.

Latch. A mire.

Lauch. Law. Every land has its ain lauch, that is, its particular law, or custom.
Lawing. Tavern-reckoning.
Lee. S. Lye. V. A. Tell a falsehood.
Leg-bail. To give leg-bail. To run off.
Let that flee stick i' the wa'. Proverbial. Let that alone. Say nothing about it.
Lift. Sky.
Likewake. The watching of a dead body previous to interment.
Limmer. Jade. Applied familiarly rather than contemptuously.
Lippen to. Trust to.
Lists. The salvage of a piece of woollen cloth.
Lith. Joint.
Loaning. Lane.
Lound. Tranquil, calm.
Lounder. Thwack.
Loup. Leap.
Low. Flame.
Loom. Implement.
Luckie. N. S. Applied to an old woman, dame, good woman.
Lunt. Blaze.

M.

Mailing. A farm.
Malt abune the meal. Expresses the state of slight intoxication, half-seas over.
Mane. Moan.
Mart. A cow salted up for the winter.
Marches. Boundaries.
Mask. V. A. To infuse tea.
Maun. Must.
Meal-ark. Meal-chest.
Mirk. Dark. Pit-mirk, dark as pitch.
Misguggled. Injudiciously treated.
Morning. His morning, his matutinal dram.
Mouls. Earth. Generally applied to the earth that covers a coffin. Laid in the mouls, means, laid in the grave.
Mousted. Whitened with flour.
Muckle. Much.

N.

Napery. Table linen.
Neb. Nose.
Ne'er be licket. Nothing whatever.
Neist. Next.

Nevoy. Nephew.
Niffer. Exchange.
Niff-naffy. Fastidious. Angry about trifles.
Night-cowl. Night-cap.
Nolt. Oxen.
Nor. Than.

O.

Oe. Grand-child.
Or. Before.
Orra. Not appropriated, not employed. An *orra* day, a day on which a person has no particular work.
Out-taken. Excepting.

P.

Paiks, his paiks. A beating.
Palmering. Tottering, infirm.
Partan. A Crab.
Paraffle. Ostentatious display.
Peenging. Querulous, weak.
Penny-stane cast. A distance not greater than a man may throw a quoit.

Peer. Poor. Aberdeenshire.
Peery. Child's toy. A top.
Picks. Pick-axes.
Pictarnie. The great tern, or sea-swallow.
Pirn. The reed on which yarn is wound. *Wind us a pirn.* Baffle us. Put us to a non-plus.
Plainstanes. Pavement.
Pliskie. A mischievous trick.
Pock. Bag.
Pockmanky. Portmanteau.
Poppling. Purling, rippling, dropping.
Pose. A secret hoard of money.
Pouthered. Powdered.
Pouting. Shooting at young moor-fowl.
Pow. Head.
Powsowdie. Sheep-head broth; milk and meal boiled together; any mixture of incongruous sorts of food.
Powtering. Groping.
Prent. Print. *Prent buke*, printed book.
Prigged. Entreated earnestly.
Propine. Present.
Put-on. Clothed. Weel puton, well-dressed.
Putted a stane. Threw a heavy stone. «Putting the stane," is an old Scottish game, decided by the farthest throw.

Q.

Quarters. Lodgings.

R.

Rampauging. Raging and storming. Prancing about with fury.

Randle-tree. The long pole which is suspended over a cottage fire, to hang the kettles, etc. upon. Applied, metaphorically, to any tall raw-boned figure.

Randy. A rude, drunken quean.

Rath. Quick, early.

Redding. Rescuing.

Redding-strake. A blow received in consequence of needless or officious interference.

Reises. Slender branches of trees, or bushes.

Reisted. Dried by the heat of the sun, or a chimney.

Reisting. Restive.

Rickle. A heap.

Riggin, house-riggin. Roof of the house.

Rinthereouts. Needy, houseless vagrants.

Rotten. Rat.

Roughies. A sort of rude torch. Also heath.

Routh. Plenty.
Routing. Snoring, bellowing like a bull.
Rudas. Bold, masculine.
Rugging and riving. Tearing and scrambling.
Rund. The salvage of broad cloth.

S.

Sackless. Harmless.
Sain. Bless.
Sark-fu o' sair banes. Literally, shirt-full of sore bones. Metaphorically, a sound beating.
Saugh. Willow.
Saul. Soul, mettle.
Saulie. A hired mourner.
Scart. A cormorant.
Scaff-raff. Rabble.
Scaithless. Uninjured.
Scauding. Scalding.
Scaur. V. A. Alarm.
Scaur. S. Precipice. Object of alarm.
Sconner. S. A shudder of disgust.
Scouping. Scampering.
Screed. Frolic.
Scull. Fish-basket.
Seannachie. Highland bard.

Sea-maw. Sea-mew.
Seere. Sure. Aberdeenshire.
Semple. Of low birth, opposed to gentle, which means of better blood.
Shand. Base coin. Cant word.
Shank yoursel awa'. Take yourself off.
Shanks. Legs.
Shankit off. Sent off without ceremony.
Shearing. Reaping.
Shealings. Rude cottages.
Shilpit. Cold, ungenial, insipid, pale, thin.
Shool. Shovel.
Shouther. Shoulder. Show the cauld shouther, Appear cold and reserved.
Sibb. Related to.
Siccan. Such.
Siller. Silver. Also money in general.
Single-soldier. Common-soldier.
Skeely. Cunning, skilful.
Skirl. Shrill cry.
Skitt. Banter, jeer, attempt at imposition.
Skriegh. Shriek.
Slack. An opening between hills.
Slaistering. Doing any thing in an awkward and dirty way; especially applied to dabbling in any thing moist or unctuous.
Sleuth hounds. Blood-hounds.
Snecked. Latched.

Sneck. Wooden latch.
Sneeshin. Snuff.
Snell. Hard, severe, obdurate. Bitterly cold, applied to weather.
Sonsy. Jolly.
Sopite. Pacify, put to rest. Old Scotch law phrase.
Sornars. One of the numerous classes of sturdy beggars.
Sort. To arrange, manage.
Sough. S. Half-whistling rushing sound, whisper. V. A. To utter with a half-whistling sound.
Souther. Solder.
Sowens. A kind of hasty-pudding, made of the inner husks of oats.
Spae. Augur. Spae-work, magical ceremonies.
Spearings. Intelligence.
Speel. Climb.
Speir. Ask.
Spleuchan. Tobacco pouch.
Sprug. A sparrow.
Splores. Quarrels ending in fisty cuffs.
Spulzie. Havock, depredation.
Spunk of fire. A small fire.
Stable. That part of a marsh, in which, if a horse is foundered, he is said to be *stabled* for the night.

Staik. Steak.
Stalwart. Stout, vigorous.
Stang. Staff, long pole.
Steek. Shut.
Steer. Molest, injure.
Steery. Quandary. Bustle.
Steered Stirred, put in motion.
Steever. More durable.
Sting and ling. *Vi et armis.*
Stirk and Stot. Young cows and oxen.
Stir. Injure, molest.
Stirks. Young cattle.
Stour. Stern, strong.
Stouth and routh. Plenty.
Striek. Stretch.
Sunkie. Low stool.
Sunkets. Victuals.
Swarvit. Swooned.
Swear. Reluctant, difficult.
Swither. Doubt, hesitation, quandary.

T.

Taillie Deed of entail.
Tait of woo'. Lock of wool.
Tale-pyet. Tale-bearer.

Tangle. Species of sea-weed.
Tass. Glass.
Thack. Thatch. Thack and rape, thatch and rope. «As tight as thack and rape can make it," is a proverbial phrase, signifying complete security.
Thick. Intimate.
Thrapple. Throat.
Threeps. V. A. Threatens, insists.
Threep. Superstition. An auld threep, an old superstition.
Through-stone. Tombstone laid horizontally, not upright.
Tirlie-wirlie holes. Intricate holes.
Tirling. Uncovering.
Tirled at the door-pin. Knocked smartly at the door.
Tirrivies. What an Englishman would call *tantrums.*
Tod. Fox. *Ivy tod.* Ivy bush.
Toddling. Walking with short steps as children do.
Toom. V. A. To empty. S. Empty.
Touzled out. Ransacked.
Tramped. Trod.
Tramping. Walking. Applied contemptuously.
Trig. Neat.
Trindling. Trundling. — Trindling-kist, trundling-chest.

Trocking. Intercourse. Bartering.
Trow. Believe.
Tuilzie. Scuffle.
Tweel. Cloth.
Tyke. Dog.

U.

Ugsome. Disgusting.
Ulyie. Oil.
Upsides. Even with.

W.

Wad. Wager, bet.
Umquhile. Late.
Unco. Very, very great. As unco angry, very angry; unco interest, very great interest. Also strange. As an unco sight, a strange sight.
Waf. Mean, shabby.
Wale. V. A. To chuse.
Wale. S. Choice.
Walise. Saddle-bags.
Wallowing. Weltering.
Wampishes. Tosses franticly.
Wan-chancy. Unlucky.

Wanle. Active, strong, healthy.
Ware. Expend.
Warlock. Wizard.
Wauken. Awake.
Waur. Worse.
Waured. Worsted, vanquished.
Wean. Child.
Wear. Last, endure.
Wear the jacket. This phrase alludes to a custom, now, we believe, obsolete, by which, on paying a certain fee, or otherways making interest with the huntsman of the Caledonian Hunt, any citizen-aspirant, whose rank did not entitle him to be elected a member of that highly-born society, might become entitled to the field-privileges of the Hunt, and, amongst others, was tolerated to *wear the jacket* of the order.
Weird. Destiny. The weird is dree'd, the ill fortune is suffered, the destiny is fulfilled.
Weize. To guide, to lead, to direct. To urge softly, and with caution.
Whigging. Jogging.
Whingeing Crying pusillanimously. Whining.
Whittrett. Weasel.
Whiles. At times.
Whomled. Overset, turned bottom upmost.
Wilyard. Wild, strange, unaccountable.

Winsome. Pretty, chearful-looking.
Witters. The barbs of a fish-spear.
Worriecows. Hobgoblins.
Wuss. Wish.
Wyte. Blame.

Y.

Yaffing. Barking, yelping.
Yald. Supple, active.
Yaud. Far-yaud. A cry of encouragement, or direction, from a shepherd to his dog.
Yestreen. Last night.

Corrections to the Works of Walter Scott. Vol. 18.

Page 53,	Line 11,	*instead of*	Suuffy	*read*	Snuffy
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Corrections to the Works of Voltaire.

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